NOONTIDE LEISURE;

OR,

SKETCHES IN SUMMER,

OUTLINES FROM NATURE AND IMAGINATION,

AND INCLUDING

A Tale of the Days of Shakspeare.

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF LITERARY HOURS,
OF ESSAYS ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE, OF SHAKSPEARE
AND HIS TIMES, OF WINTER NIGHTS, AND
EVENINGS IN AUTUMN.

Come, sweet Summer!
And o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe,
O Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet! — Warton.

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NOONTIDE LEISURE.

No. X.

On yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
  O'erlook the falling stream,
O master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will I retire,
  From summer's noontide beam.

AKENSIDE.

GAY and convivial as is the character of a large portion of the poetry of Horace, there is frequently intermingled with it, even in its lightest mood, something which tends to check the triumph of the mere sensualist, something which brings vividly before him the uncertain tenure of human life, and the consequent futility of all his enjoyments. It is to this feature in th

compositions of the Roman bard, a feature not yet sufficiently noticed, and which may be said, even whilst the shouts of revelry and mirth are loudest in our ears, to point as it were to death dimly hovering in the back ground, that we are indebted for some of his most pleasing and instructive passages, — passages which reach the heart, and breathe over the mind a spirit of sweet and philosophic melancholy.

It is true that, conforming in some measure to the practice of his contemporaries, who were sometimes wont, on occasions of high festivity, to place a skeleton on the table, as an incentive to hard drinking, he has now and then introduced imagery of this mournful kind with the view of recommending the enjoyment of the present hour, yet has he ever done it in terms which clearly indicate that he was no disciple of Epicurus in the gross sense in which the tenets of that philosopher have been generally, but incorrectly, understood. For, when he tells us, in the ninth ode of his first book,

— Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro

Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas: —
Permitte Divis cætera.

Seek not to know the bliss or pain
That from to-morrow takes its birth;
But count each day a present gain;
Enjoy sweet love and festal mirth: —
Trust to the gods the rest.

BOSCAWEN.

and, in the close of the eleventh, recommending similar forbearance, when he adds,

——— Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

Pour the rich wine, in gay enjoyment wise,
Contract the hopes of life's contracted date:
Even whilst we speak the winged moment flies;
Snatch present bliss, and leave the rest to fate.

BOSCAWEN.

he does but inculcate what may be taught without any impeachment either of reason or virtue;

that, dismissing all unavailing anxiety for the future, we should enjoy the present hour *cheerfully*, *socially*, and TEMPERATELY; doctrine which, whilst it was evidently never designed by the poet to be interpreted according to the grovelling import of those who call out "to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," comes recommended to us from the highest of all authorities, by which we are told "*to cast all our care upon God*," "*to take no anxious thought for the morrow*," and that "*sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*."

A great part, however, of the sentiment and imagery to which we allude, has been introduced by Horace, not merely as incitements to pleasure, from a consideration of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, but as correctives also of that imbecility and dissipation of mind which are but too apt to spring from a long and uninterrupted possession of wealth and luxurious indulgence. It is thus that in his address to his friend Dellius, who appears to have been dissolute in his habits, and deficient at the same time in fortitude and steadiness of purpose, he places before him, as a motive to energy and

consistency of character, and to a temperate enjoyment of the luxuries of opulence, the certainty that, notwithstanding all his cares and apprehensions, and consequent vacillation of conduct, neither these, nor the accumulation of riches, nor the orgies of voluptuousness, will protract the stroke of fate: —

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem; non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia moriture Delli,
Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore notâ Falerni;
Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare vivo: —
Cedes coëmptis saltibus, et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit:
Cedes; et extructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.
Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest.

Lib. ii. Od. 3.

With stedfast soul thy course maintain,
  Should griefs assail thee, toils oppress;
Nor less from boundless joy refrain,
  Should pleasure smile, and fortune bless.

For, Dellius, death's sure lot is thine,
  Though grief embitter every hour,
Though richest, best Falernian wine
  Court thee within the mossy bower,

Where the tall pine in stately rows,
  With poplars, forms a friendly shade,
Where the swift stream obliquely flows,
  And, quivering, murmurs through the glade.—

Soon must thou quit thy dear-bought wood,
  Thy treasures pil'd with ceaseless care,
Thy villa wash'd by Tiber's flood,
  Thy stately mansion, to thine heir.

Though great thy wealth, renowned thy birth,
  Nor birth nor opulence can save.

BOSCAWEN.

Again, also, in the opening of the third book, with the view of enforcing the blessings of contentment, and whilst expatiating on the futility of honour, wealth, and fame, even when ob-

tained without any sacrifice of integrity or subserviency to the follies of the great, he introduces the same awful and awakening imagery, pointing to the grave as hastening with equal if not more rapid strides, to entomb the rich as well as the poor, the lofty as well as the meek.

Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis ; hic generosior
Descendat in campum petitor:
Moribus hic, meliorque fama
Contendat ; illi turba clientium
Sit major ; æquâ lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos :
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Lib. iii. Od. 1.

Some spread plantations o'er the earth,
In wider range : some build their claim
To public honours on illustrious birth ;
Some on the juster ground of well-earn'd fame.

On some a crowd of clients wait ;
Yet, ah ! stern fate, with equal doom,
Shakes in its ample urn the poor, the great,
Destin'd alike to fill the silent tomb.

BOSCAWEN.

But if it be necessary to awaken the unthinking from their dreams of pleasure, of ambition, and long life, by recalling to their heated imagination how fragile and illusory are their views and hopes, and how soon to be terminated by the extinction of their being in this world, it is yet more essential that those who, void of all moral restraint, rush into the arms of vice to gratify their lusts, and add injustice, avarice, and oppression, to the caprices of folly and the pursuits of dissipation, should be reminded, if possible, in still stronger terms, of the inevitable hour which is hurrying forward to arrest their career. And this our poet has admirably done in numerous instances, and in none with more effect than in the following lines, where he presents us with a striking and pathetic sketch of the miseries resulting from the cupidity of the wealthy and unprincipled patrician.

Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens Deos
Et uxor et vir, sordidosque natos.

Nulla certior tamen
*Rapacis Orci sede destinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Lib. ii. Od. 18.

What, though thy avarice burst each bound,
Oppress the poor, the weak, compell'd to yield,
O'erthrow the land-mark, leap the mound,
And drive the peasant from his only field,
Whilst the sad pair to exile go,
Forced by stern power to seek some new abodes,
And clasp, in deep despairing woe,
Their infant race, their lov'd paternal gods;
Yet, at the dread appointed hour,
Rapacious death spreads wide his palace gate,
And grasps thee by his fatal power,
To none more certain than the wealthy great.
BOSCAWEN.

It is scarcely possible to read this representation of the despair of the exiled peasants, without being reminded of the yet more beautiful and affecting delineation of Goldsmith, who, whilst describing in his Deserted Village its helpless peasantry driven from their homes by the monopolizing spirit of the rich and rapa-

cious, appears to have had this passage of the Roman lyrist immediately before him. He has adopted, however, a much wider canvass, and having brought his groups more minutely and distinctly on the fore-ground, the picture has, in consequence, become one of the most touching and interesting in the compass of modern poetry. We shall bring it forward here as an exquisite enlargement and illustration of the Horatian miniature.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the Western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!

Reverting, however, to the more immediate subject of our paper, it may be remarked that Horace has not merely contented himself with the introduction of reflections on the proximity of death, and the short-lived tenure of sensual delights, as powerful correctives of luxury, dissipation, and vice; but he has taken a melancholy pleasure also in contrasting the innocent gratifications of life with imagery of this mournful and pathetic cast, fully aware how greatly our interest in these scenes is augmented by such a striking demonstration of the transitory

nature of all human enjoyment, even when most rational and pure.

It is in this spirit of subdued light and shade, of gently agitating the soul by opposed but not violent emotions, that many of the sweetest compositions of the Sabine bard have been conceived and finished, in colours, perhaps, less deep and contrasted than some of the pictures we have just been contemplating, but productive of a yet more tender and interesting impression. Let us select, for example, the following passage from his ode to Posthumus:

'Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti: —
Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Lib. ii. Od. 14.

Ah, Posthumus, how flits away
On rapid wings the transient hour!
No pious offerings can delay
Stern age, or death's all conquering power. —

Thy lands, thy dome, thy pleasing wife,
These must thou quit; 'tis nature's doom:
No tree, whose culture charms thy life,
Save the sad cypress, waits thy tomb.

BOSCAWEN.

The effect thus produced by recalling the urn or the tomb with all their endearing associations amid scenes of rural happiness and domestic felicity, has been copied by a few master-minds thoroughly imbued with a taste for the genius of ancient poetry; and among these none has more happily caught and embodied the very spirit of the style we have been commenting upon, than the justly celebrated painter Poussin, who, in one of the most beautiful of his landscapes, well known under the appellation of the *Arcadia*, has brought forward to the eye an incident whose influence over the mind and heart is precisely such as Horace has so often delighted to call forth. It would be injustice perhaps to the subject to omit in this place a description of this picture and its effects, or to give it in any other language than that of the eloquent Abbé Du Bos. "Le tableau dont je parle," he remarks, "représente le paysage d'une contrée

riante. 'Au milieu' l'on voit le monument d'une jeune fille morte à la fleur de son âge: c'est ce qu'on connoît par la statue de cette fille couchée sur le tombeau, à la maniere des anciens. L'inscription sépulcrale n'est que de quatre mots Latins: Je vivois cependant en Arcadie, *Et in Arcadia ego.* Mais cette inscription si courte fait faire les plus sérieuses réflexions à deux jeunes garçons et à deux jeunes filles parées de guirlandes de fleurs, et qui paroissent avoir rencontre ce monument si triste en des lieux où l'on devine bien qu'ils ne cherchoient pas un objet affligeant. Un d'entre eux fait remarquer aux autres cette inscription en la montrant du doigt, et l'on ne voit plus sur leurs visages, à travers l'affliction qui s'en empare, que les restes d'une joie expirante. On s'imagine entendre les réflexions de ces jeunes personnes sur la mort qui n'épargne ni l'âge, ni la beauté, et contre laquelle les plus heureux climats n'ont point d'azile. On se figure ce qu'elles vont se dire de touchant, lorsqu'elles seront revenues de la premiere surprise, et l'on l'applique à soi-même et a ceux à qui l'on s'intéresse." *

* Réflexions Critiques sur La Poesie et sur La Peinture. Sixième Edition. Premiere Partie, p. 55.

That Horace, together with all, even the wisest and the best among the ancient world, must, from their condition of doubt and scepticism as to any future state of existence, have viewed the shortness and uncertainty of human life with a gloom, from which believers in a resurrection from the dead are happily exempt, is a circumstance which cannot fail to have rendered, in the eyes of his contemporaries at least, the lights and shadows in the description which has just been selected from his works, still more conflicting and impressive: and, indeed, the expression of his feelings on this melancholy view of the destiny of human nature, as it appeared to by far the greater part of the heathen world, has furnished him with another series of similarly contrasted pictures, fully equal perhaps to the former in their power of awakening some of the most awful and touching contemplations which can agitate the breast of man. Of these, as still further elucidating the express subject of this paper, and consequently affording a more ample display of the pensively moral turn of thought so peculiarly frequent in our poet, one or two instances, out of many that

might be produced, shall be given. It is thus that, in a strain of imagery which parallels the plaintive and well-known lines of Moschus, he laments the utter extinction of human being, and contrasts it with the resuscitation of the vegetable world.

Diffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ.
Mutat terra vices; et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt:
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas,
Interitura, simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Lib. iv. Od. 7.

Lo! from the hills recede the wintry snows;
Soft herbage springs, the grove resumes its pride:
Earth feels the change; the lessening river flows
Within its banks, an unambitious tide.

The graceful nymphs, unawed by conscious fear,
In native beauty lead the festal choir.
But thou, frail man, observe the changeful year,
Nor dare to immortality aspire.

To genial gales the icy chillness yields:
Now spring retires; now summer quits the plain;
Now fruitful autumn clothes the plenteous fields;
And now stern winter re-asserts her reign.

Each fading wane th' increasing moons supply,
But man, unhappy man, when once convey'd
Where ever our great, our pious fathers lie,
Returns to dust, and flits an empty shade.

BOSCAWEN

A precisely similar vein of pensive reflection runs through the fourth ode of the first book, and may be found, indeed, scattered, though in a less full and developed manner, through

many parts of his Lyric compositions. But it is, perhaps, when employed in the mournful duty of weeping over the grave of superior intellect and genius, that our poet has deplored most feelingly the impenetrable gloom which shrouded from the eye of the Pagan philosopher any certain or consolatory prospect of a future life. How beautiful and affecting, for instance, is the opening of his monody on the death of Archytas.

Te maris et terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum
Munera: nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.
Occidit et Pelopis genitor conviva Deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus: habentque
Tartara Panthoiden, iterum orco
Demissum; quamvis, clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ;
Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique.

Lib. i. Od. 28.

Thee, whose great mind could scan earth's wide
domains,
Trace the vast deep, the countless sands explore,
Archytas, thee one narrow bed contains,
One lonely spot on the Matinian shore.

Ah! what avails it that thy piercing soul
Could heaven's majestic firmament ascend,
Grasp the bright wonders of the starry pole,
Since here at last thy cares, thy labours, end?

Thus Tantalus, the guest of gods, lay low:
Thus did Tithonus, raised to heaven expire;
Thus mighty Minos, though ordained to know
The sacred mysteries of his awful sire.

Even the fam'd sage who claim'd Euphorbus'
shield,
Skill'd as thou deem'st, in truth, in nature's lore,
Who taught but mortal clay to death would yield,
Even he again has sunk, to rise no more.

BOSCAWEN.

There is every reason to think, however, that Horace, notwithstanding that, in common with the rest of the heathen world, he might enter-

tain many doubts and fears as to the existence of a future state, cherished a decided preponderancy of belief for the doctrines of immortality; and that, whilst only sportively, and for the occasion, an apparent adopter of the opinions of Epicurus and the precepts of Aristyppus, he was, on principle, a disciple of Socrates, of Plato, and Epictetus. At least we know, by his own confession, that if in his younger days he had been allured from the path of correct reasoning and morality, by the sensual and indulgent reveries of scepticism, in maturer life he had returned to the more rigid maxims of the Porch; for has he not said of himself,

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos?

Lib. i. Od. 34.

I, who erewhile consumed my days
Wide wandering in the sceptic maze,
To maddening wit a prey,

Careless of worship and of prayer;
Must now my wasted life repair,
And backward steer my way!

PENN.

And that his greatest happiness consisted in entering into conversation with his best and most valued friends on topics of the highest import in morals, philosophy, and religion, we are taught, by the exquisite description which he has given us of the manner in which he loved to spend his social and domestic hours, when retired within the precincts of his Sabine farm; a picture, over which we hang with the fondest admiration, and which places the amiable bard immediately before us in a light worthy of being imitated by all who, despising the trivial topics of the day, possess a mind and a heart capable of rendering the hours of familiar intercourse not only elegantly pleasurable, but contributive to solid happiness and improvement.

O noctes, cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse, meique
Ante Larem proprium vescor;

'Prout cuique libido est,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva solutus
Legibus insanis; seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula,' seu modicis uvescit lætius. Ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
Néc male necne Lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos?
Et quæ sit natura boni? summumque quid ejus?

Sermonum, lib. ii. Sat. 6.

O, evenings, and meals divine!
When friends around my board recline;
And every guest is left at ease
To drink the portion he may please,
Exempt from rude, licentious force,
Then follows various discourse.
Not of our neighbour's fame we tell: —
If Lepos dances ill or well: —
But, points that to each bosom go,
And 'tis reproachful not to know.
If wealth, or virtue, best supply
The measure of felicity.
If friendship's choice shall better rest
On merit, or self-interest.

In what consists, best understood,
The nature of essential good;
And what the highest point, at which
That good essential we can reach.

PENN.

It is precisely from a mind and disposition thus constituted, and thus situated as to extrinsic circumstances, that we might expect the peculiarly pensive strain of morality which it has been the purport of this paper more fully to unfold. Endued, as our poet pre-eminently was, with a keen relish for the pleasures and elegancies of life, and which sometimes even hurried him into sensual excess, possessing, at the same time, a heart exquisitely alive to all the best and noblest affections of our nature, and an intellect deeply saturated with, and delighting in, the doctrines of moral and ethic philosophy, he could not but view the shortness and uncertainty of this state of being, and the still greater uncertainty which hung over that which might ensue, after death had laid low the mortal fabric of man, with feelings of almost singular anxiety and regret. Need we wonder, therefore, to find, among the productions of a poet thus en-

dowed, though the general character of those productions be that of sprightliness and gaiety, the occasional intrusion of imagery and sentiment remarkable for their melancholy tone and moral pathos; sometimes introduced as incentives towards a moderate enjoyment of the blessings which remain to us; sometimes as suggested by a mournful retrospect of the transient tenure of all human happiness; but more frequently as correctives of thoughtless dissipation, of luxury, and of vice.

The effect of these touching contemplations on the lot of humanity was not only that of giving interest, tenderness, and relief to a considerable portion of his lyric effusions, but it likewise gradually led to the production of those traits in his character which have rendered it, through all succeeding ages, one of the most pleasing illustrations of rational enjoyment and philosophic content: for though fame and favour courted no man with a more constant devotion, yet Horace soon found that real happiness was only to be found in retirement, where, apart from the seductive blandishments of luxury and art, he might be free to follow the native

bent of his disposition, — to intermingle the melodies of the moral lyre, and the lucubrations of philosophy, with the simplest pleasures of unreproving Nature. Here, then, amidst the woods and fields of his Sabine farm, may we alone discern the genuine tone and texture of his mind, the independency of his soul, the sagacity of his judgment, the innate rectitude of his breast, and, above all, the moderation and cheerful contentedness of his spirit. But the poet shall speak for himself; for after recommending the virtues and the mode of life best calculated to secure tranquillity, and a conscience at peace within itself, he thus beautifully adds, in allusion to his own views and practice: —

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;
Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc est etiam minus; ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dî:
Sit bona librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia: ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.
Sed satis est orare Jovem quæ donat et aufert;
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mî animum ipse parabo.

Epistol. lib. i. Epist. 18.

Here then, refreshed by cool Digentia's rill,
What is my prayer? That heaven would grant me
still,
To keep the present good, nay even less:
But to myself my life, or long or short, possess.
A moderate store of books and wealth to save,
Lest hope float doubtful, a dependent slave
Upon the passing hour — Enough, to pray
For these to Jove, who gives and takes away!
Let him give life, and health; myself will find
That first of blessings, a contented mind!
Yet grant me, Phœbus! with that mind entire,
Age not unhonour'd, nor without the lyre.

BRADSTREET.

With feelings and with moderated wishes such as these, and with a character and conduct in a great degree moulded and regulated by their impression, it is scarcely possible that Horace could have been otherwise than happy, as far as happiness can be said to be attainable in this life; for though, as we have seen by the numerous quotations already given, that he had formed a just estimate of the fragility and fleeting nature of our being here, and, with the most gifted of the ancient world, looked forward to a future state with much of doubt and

uncertainty, yet he never shrunk from a steady and unappalled contemplation of the issues of life and death. Sometimes, indeed, he would call up the inevitable destiny of man as a motive towards seizing the present moment for social yet moderate enjoyment; but more generally did he view its approach with a perfect though a pensive acquiescence, conscious that, whilst with a determination to render it subservient to the best purposes of morality and religion, he had often held it up as a terror to vice and ambition; he was prepared to meet it in his own person with equanimity and resignation. Accordingly, he appears to have felt a soothing pleasure in meditating on the evening and close of his own days; and, among several exquisite passages to this effect, none perhaps can be quoted as more beautifully interesting than that addressed to his friend Septimius, where he points out the spot he should prefer as the asylum of reposing age:

Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ;
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
    Militiæque.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Fulmen, et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto. —
Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces : ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

Lib. ii. Od. 6.

Let fruitful Tibur's * genial land,
First planted by an Argive hand,
Receive my peaceful age:
There let me rest in gentle ease,
Nor trust again the stormy seas,
Nor tempt the battle's rage.

Should envious fate deny these seats,
Next let me court the blest retreats,
Where, murmuring through the plain,
For richest fleeces far renown'd,
Galesus † laves the realms that own'd
Phalantus' Spartan reign. —

* Horace's villa was situated near Tibur, originally founded by a Greek colony.

† Galesus is a river which waters Tarentum, founded by a colony of Spartans under Phalantus.

These blest abodes, these chosen bowers,
Shall gild with joy life's fleeting hours.
Here, when my days shall end,
Bathe my loved ashes with a tear,
And cherish, with regret sincere,
Thy poet, and thy friend.

BOSCAWEN.

The features which we have now dwelt upon at some length in the poetry and character of Horace, place him before us in a point of view not only singularly pleasing and impressive, but, at the same time, truly amiable, moral, and instructive. It is evident, that as he advanced in years, and the experience of life came more fully upon him, he learnt to appreciate the pleasures of sense, and the allurements of wealth and power, at their just value; and that, shunning the city as the temple of voluptuousness and scepticism, and the theatre of political intrigue, he sought in the shades of retirement to become acquainted with himself, and with the moral destiny of his species, prepared for, and resigned to, the evils incident to humanity, and, though keenly sensible to, and ever anxious to participate in, the

charms of rational society and moderate enjoyment, yet ready to retire from this scene of things, if not without anxiety and apprehension, yet grateful, satisfied, and uncomplaining. Such was the philosophy which guided the latter and the better days of Horace, which he pressed upon his contemporaries with the most insinuating address, and which has entitled him to be considered, among the bards of antiquity, as beyond all others the poet of reason and the inculcator of practical morality.

It may not, probably, be thought entirely out of place, if, at the close of a paper whose chief object has been to point out a frequent appeal to, and consideration of, the frail tenure of human life, as forming a valuable and instructive feature in the compositions of the most popular poet of antiquity, I should venture to subjoin the memorial which friendship has suggested to me, for one whom I had known for more than a quarter of a century, and known only to esteem and love. It has been placed by the sorrowing

widow of the deceased in the parish-church of Stanstead, in Suffolk.

Near this tablet
Are deposited the remains
Of the Rev. John Plampin, M. A.
Of Chadacre Hall, in this Parish,
Rector of Whatfield and Stanstead, in the county of Suffolk,
A Magistrate for the district in which he resided,
And formerly Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge.
He died May the 30th, 1823, in the 69th Year of his age.

If taste, if learning, if the love of art,
What schools can give, or foreign realms impart,
May claim a tribute from the polished few,
Here might it flow, as not unjustly due;
But in the fane to pure devotion given,
Can these light graces point the path to heaven?
Then be it added, as in truth it can,
Here sleeps, what all should prize, an honest man!
Who taught unerring, to his faithful flock,
Christ as their hope, their living stay, and rock;
Who lov'd through life, whate'er the vale he trod,
His Kind, his King, his Country, and his God!

No. XI.

"Not distant far from Wyeburne" tower
Arose the minstrel's lowly bower:
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SHAKSPEARE had ever been, especially when in the country, an early riser; and he now awoke, after a night of calm and refreshing sleep, to the enjoyment of one of the brightest mornings of the season; for the sun had just become an inmate of his chamber, and began to play upon the rich colours of the arras which surrounded him, with a brilliancy that almost dazzled his eyes. Taking, therefore, a rapid survey of the scenery presented to him from his window, and which, from its beauty, served but to quicken his desire of being speedily amidst it, he hastened down stairs, stopping, however, a few minutes as he passed through the hall, to admire its

very striking and truly venerable aspect; its grotesquely carved roof, its antique music gallery, its stained windows rich in tracery, and its curiously sculptured deer.

Only a very few of the servants were as yet up; and Peter, the old grey-headed groom, who was preparing to go to his stables, very opportunely entered the hall, just in time to unbar the great door which opened into the porch, a task of time and labour, and which required, for its prompt execution, a previous acquaintance with its mechanism and springs. He seemed delighted by the sight of Shakspeare, and made so many respectful enquiries after his family, and more particularly after the poet's little grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, that our bard could not recollect the epithet, however merited, which he had bestowed on him the preceding night, without some degree of compunction. He shook him, therefore, cordially by the hand, told him he was right glad to see him look so hale and cheerily; and then, after slyly hinting that he would thank him not to fill John's head with any more ghost or goblin stories, he passed forward into the park, leaving Peter, though

proud of the notice he had received, not a little disconcerted by the total want of belief which he had manifestly shown for the legends of Wyeburne Hall.

With the species of scenery which the park unfolded to his view, Shakspeare was peculiarly delighted, as possessing features, perhaps, beyond all others, adapted to call forth and cherish the dreams of imagination. Few situations were there in the county, indeed, as may have been already surmised from what has been briefly stated concerning it, more singular and striking than that which formed the site of Wyeburne Hall; for, though sunk, as it were, in the bosom of a deep valley, the ground at the bottom of this valley gradually rose to the mansion, in the most picturesque manner, from the right bank of the stream; and being wild and broken, and spreading out to not less than a mile in width in this direction, and being at the same time thickly interspersed with trees of some centuries growth, skirted with rocks, and cliffs, and hanging woods, with the village just visible at one extremity, and the Wye meandering through its centre, it might

be said to offer, on a small scale, almost every species of variety. The whole valley, indeed, on both sides of the water, together with a considerable extent of the forests and moorlands beyond and above it, and which had been for ages the property of the Montchenseys, exhibited a perpetual interchange of aspect and scenery, alike calculated to gratify the eye, and to furnish opportunities for rural diversion; the moors affording an ample range for the amusement of hunting and coursing, whilst the Wye and its immediate vicinage offered as rich a field for the sports of fishing and water-hawking.

Though, from his long residence in the capital, Shakspeare had lost some of the keen relish which he once felt for the active diversions of the country, yet was he, as much as ever, the enthusiastic worshipper of Nature, in all her rural habitudes and forms; nor could he wander in the wild and woody glades which stretched nearly on all sides from the hospitable mansion of Montchensey, furnishing, as they occasionally did, such contrasted views of what was most lovely and romantic in landscape-painting, without experiencing that absorption

of mind, that ever-fertile and exclusory association of ideas, to which a creative imagination is so remarkably subject. Thus was it, as his eye, glancing over the sparkling current of the Wye, caught suddenly, through an opening in a group of trees, a prospect of the distant hamlet, as it lay reposing in the morning light, dropped, as it seemed to be, for the purpose of beauty and effect, between the lofty-shelving and wood-clothed sides of the glen, which, in this part of its track, left little more space than was sufficient for the site of the village, its accompanying stream, and a range of greensward, that, on either hand stretched to the foot of the cliffs. It was an object which, in his glowing fancy, instantly gave birth to a thousand fascinating pictures of human life and character; and so intensely was he occupied in this world of his own creation, that Helen Montchensey had stolen upon his retreat, and had actually stood for nearly a minute before him, ere he was aware of her presence. She had learnt, almost as soon as she had risen, that he had walked into the park; and, after a long search, she had found him reclined on the roots of an old oak,

whose gigantic branches stretched far and wide over his head, thus contemplating the little village of Wyeburne, as, gleaming in the sun-light, it was seen terminating the vista which accident, and not art, had opened at this spot. So truly beautiful, indeed, seemed the view under its present disposition of light and shade, that Helen, often as she had seen it at all times of the day, could not help, for the instant, imbibing a portion of the same fascination which had fixed the poet in reverie; and, after a moment's thought, she felt almost inclined to retire, nor disturb his abstraction, when her dog Tray, who entertained no scruples of the kind, and who had been for some little time endeavouring, but in vain, to arrest her attention, began suddenly to bark, and Shakspeare, starting in surprise from his trance, yet laughing as he beheld the arch look with which his fair visitor surveyed him, "Yes, my dear Helen," he exclaimed, "you may well seem astonished at seeing your father's sage friend thus stretched, like a love-sick youth, beneath the shade: but I am, I must confess, enamoured with the aspect of yonder lovely village; and if, on a nearer approach, it

should realise the visions which this first and distant view of it has awakened in my imagination, I will call it a little paradise on earth."

"Ah! my dear Sir," cried Helen, sighing, "how often does it happen in life, that we dress a distant object in rainbow colours, which fade as we draw near! But in this instance," she added, resuming her wonted cheerfulness, "I may venture to say, you will not be disappointed; for Wyeburne is, indeed, a lovely spot, and as little contaminated, perhaps, with human vice and folly, as the frailty of our nature will allow."

"Had the reflection you have just uttered," rejoined Shakspeare, "fallen from myself, it had been, I trust, more in character; for your pilgrimage has been short, my fair friend, and, I would fain think, as yet unmingled with aught that can have paled the bloom of hope."

"And does not the canker ofttimes eat its way into the bud?" said Helen, whilst a tear started to her eye; but a moment dissipated, or seemed to dissipate, her sorrow; and she instantly proposed a walk to the village. "It is little more than a mile," she observed, "and we

shall be thither and back again before the heat becomes oppressive."

"Were it a dozen, my dear Helen," returned the poet with emotion, "I would gladly accompany you;" and taking her arm within his, they soon reached the banks of the river, where a path which followed the course of the stream led them by a very delightful, though somewhat circuitous route, to the object they had in view.

Nothing could well, indeed, surpass either in variety or amenity, this walk through the park grounds to the little hamlet of Wyeburne; whilst at the same time the cool breeze which just played upon the surface of the water, and the lively verdure of the greensward on its banks, yet glistening with dew, produced that delicious sensation of freshness which an hour or two's further advance in the day would, at this season of the year, have inevitably dissipated. "How exhilarating to the spirits," exclaimed Shakspeare, "is this prime of a summer's morning, and how all things seem to smile, my love, on our approach to your favourite village; for not only do we look in delighted to these eminences just kindling in the rosy light of day,

but how soothing at their base swells the murmur of this winding stream, and how grateful from its banks is the spicy perfume of the meadow-sweet, fit accompaniments for the song which is now carolling over our heads so sweetly from the mounting lark; whilst before us yonder little hamlet, nestled, as it were, mid rocks, and cliffs, and hanging woods, seems to sleep like some blessed creature in the eye of heaven! It is altogether a perfect contrast to the wild and rugged aspect of the glen through which I travelled yesterday, and where Roland and his banditti were accompaniments so much in character, that to have wanted them would have been to weaken, in a very great degree, the effect of the scene."

"And yet this Roland, as you have yourself experienced, my dear Sir, is not deficient in those touches of courtesy and humanity which mark a gentler breeding than his present occupation would warrant; and his personal appearance, I am told, so far from indicating a homely and untutored origin, is noble and prepossessing in a high degree."

"It is even so," replied the bard, "and I

were ungrateful, indeed, did I not fully and freely acknowledge it; but my allusion was to the violence so often inseparable from the mode of life to which he is devoted, and more particularly to the stern and savage features which but too well characterise the greater part of his associates. But I marvel much that, as your language would imply, you have never found out who this extraordinary young man is; for he seemed to me, from his manner and the few broken hints which dropped almost involuntarily from his tongue, to be deeply and even tenderly interested for the welfare of Wyeburne, and its inhabitants."

A death-like paleness seemed to steal over the cheek of Helen as Shakspeare uttered these last words, and she evidently trembled with emotion as she faintly said, "I should be sorry, indeed, to think that the robber Roland has any affinity to, or connection with the peasantry of Wyeburne; but tell me, my dear Sir, for you have already seen more of this adventurer than has, I believe, yet fallen to the lot of any resident in this valley, are his features, as report has sometimes affirmed, of a swarthy and somewhat

olive hue?" "His complexion," replied the poet, "is of a deep brown, and his hair black as the wing of the raven." "Then it cannot be," ejaculated Helen to herself, the rose rekindling on her cheek, and her eye resuming its former lustre, "it cannot be! my father's suspicions must be unfounded."

They had now nearly reached the little village of Wyeburne, whose cottages, as they advanced, appeared isolated by groups of trees, and dispersed along both banks of the stream. They were in general small, though strongly built of wood and clay, consisting but of two rooms on the ground floor, of which the inner was for the master and his family, and the outer for the servants, and they were thatched with straw or sedge. But there were a few amongst them on a larger scale, coated with white lime or cement, and very neatly roofed with reed, and having three or more rooms above and below. To one of this latter description, which stood near the centre of the village, beneath the shelter of a large and venerable oak, with a garden in front dropping down to the water, and an orchard and small field behind, extending to

the base of the cliff, Helen directed her steps. And here Shakspeare could not avoid reiterating his sense of admiration for the peculiar features of the scene. It was, indeed, in all respects, worthy of his praise; for he had seldom, even in imagination, great master though he were of fancy's fairest forms, pictured a retreat more lovely and sequestered than was this. Conceive then, gentle reader, the Wye, in this part of its course, assuming a more varied aspect than usual; sometimes reflecting, with the most unbroken serenity, every the most minute leaf or tendril that hung over its clear surface, and then suddenly whitening into foam, as it fell over small precipices in its channel, exhibiting numerous beautiful cascades, and sending to the ear a music alike pleasing and tranquillising in its effect. Conceive this beautiful stream, skirted on either hand with lofty cliffs, clothed to their very summits, and winding in such a manner, that whilst the cottages were placed by its direction in the most varied and opposed situations, each with its little plantation of ash or elm, the whole valley of the hamlet was visible, from one extremity to the

other, Wyeburne Hall, with its tower and turrets, terminating the vista on a gentle ascent, at one end, and the church, with its light and elegant spire, rising against a back-ground of darkly-wooded cliffs, closing it on the other.

A gentle tap at the door of the cottage, at which Helen had now arrived, was almost immediately answered by the appearance of a man pretty far advanced in years, but whose countenance, though strongly marked by the hand of time, exhibited such striking indications of intelligence, together with so much benevolent sweetness of expression, as instantly to prepossess whoever saw him in his favour. There was something, indeed, in his whole person and manner, though his dress was of the simplest kind, consisting merely of a gray fustian frock, belted loosely around him, that at once bespoke a character many degrees removed from the customary cast of rural life. In his figure he was tall and thin, and, if somewhat stooping from the pressure of age, yet, notwithstanding this, and the still more unequivocal proof of senility which was afforded by a beard and hair white as snow, his eye retained much of its

former lustre, and a portion of the glow of earlier days yet lingered on his cheek.

"And how are you, my dear Simon?" exclaimed Helen, as she affectionately offered him her hand, whilst a smile of delighted satisfaction beamed on the features of the old man; "and how is my good Dorothy?"—"Well, I thank you, my honoured mistress," he replied, "but wont you and the gentleman walk in?"

"I am rather too early a visitor, I am afraid, Simon; but the beauty of the morning having tempted me and my companion to stroll thus far, I would not return without enquiring after you."

"Heaven bless you, my dear lady; but do walk in; our morning's meal is just set out, and if your friend can but put up with village fare, I would fain entreat you to break your fast with us."

There was a frankness and cordiality in the invitation which could not be mistaken; and Helen and the poet, after a momentary interchange of looks, entered the cottage of Simon Fraser.

If Shakspeare had been pleased with the

site and exterior of Simon's dwelling, he was still more gratified by the neatness and comfort which reigned within. After passing through a pretty large kitchen, whose ample fire-place was well lined with flitches of bacon, they found Dorothy, who seemed many years younger than her husband, busily engaged, in a little parlour on the left, in arranging a few simple articles for the meal to which Simon had alluded, and which that good old poet Tusser has quaintly termed "breakfast doings." She had covered a table, which, from its massy legs, appeared to be of finely-polished oak, with some of her whitest napery, and on it she had placed a loaf of wheaten bread, a few rashers of bacon, some new-laid eggs, a cheese, cream-curds and milk, and a beautifully crisp and white salad, whilst a rosy-cheeked girl was just entering the room with a jug of nut-brown ale.

Their morning's walk would have given both to Helen and Shakspeare an appetite for much coarser food than was now before them; and such, indeed, were the cordial entreaties of Simon and his wife, that to have refused would have seemed not only ungracious, but even un-

kind. They, therefore, sate down with the worthy couple, though the bard could not help admiring, as he partook of their plain but wholesome cheer, the somewhat anomalous character of much that was around him; for his kind hostess, like her husband, though perhaps not in an equal degree, showed a bearing and address beyond the class of society to which she apparently belonged. She was, indeed, treated by Helen more as a friend than an inferior, and though habited in the plainest costume of the housewife of those days, in a white hood, a russet-coloured mantle, and with her purse and keys pendent at her side, there was an ease, a courtesy, and gentle self-possession about her which surprised even as much as it pleased.

Nor were there fewer contrasts in the furniture of the cottage, than between the garb and manners of its inmates; for, whilst much of the former was, as to quality and form, in the commonest though neatest style of the farmer of the sixteenth century, there were scattered amongst it indications, considering the rank of life in which they were found, of

very superior taste and acquirements. Thus in the room where our little party was assembled to breakfast, whilst three-legged stools, treene platters, and wooden spoons, with one large pewter salt, formed the sole accompaniments for the table, there were to be seen in various directions, books, and manuscripts, and music: and in a parlour on the other side of the little hall or kitchen, the door of which stood open, as did that also of the one in which they sate, in consideration of the warmth of the weather, not only were shelves apparently well loaded with books, very visible, but there lay also reclined against their lower range, an old but richly ornamented harp.

It was just as these singular combinations had made their first impression on the mind of Shakspeare, that Helen Montchensey, after casting a timid and somewhat confused glance towards the opposite apartment, enquired of Simon if he had heard nothing lately of his poor young friend Hubert Gray.

"Ah! Mistress Helen," cried the old man, whilst the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, "I now begin quite to despair; it is nearly

three months since we have seen him here, and he then staid with us but a day, and he seemed so woe-begone and wretched, that I once more tried hard to persuade him to remain with us, and to tell me the real cause of his strange absence and distress of mind; but I could get nothing more from him than his usual declaration, that he was unwilling any longer to be a burthen to us. Ah! Madam, what shall we do? for we loved this dear youth as if he had been our own child, and he will now bring our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

An expression of the deepest sympathy and emotion agitated the pale features of Helen, but she replied not; whilst Shakspeare, after a moment's pause, and with the view of eliciting some further information on a subject which began to interest him, ventured to remark to Simon, that he presumed the little library and instrument in the other room were the property of the young person of whom they were speaking.

"Yes," he replied, "nothing but his book and his harp were once the delight of Hubert Gray; but he is now strangely altered, Sir,

and I can never enter that room, where I have spent so many happy hours with the poor boy, without feeling my heart ache." There was something in the tone and expression with which this was uttered, that strongly affected Shakspeare, and he could not help asking, if he might be allowed for a moment to look into this little study. "It is in strange disorder, Sir," said Dorothy, "for my good man was not willing that any thing should be altered or even moved in it since the dear child left us; but if you will excuse this," she added, looking at her husband as she spoke, "I am sure my Simon will have no objection."

"Give me leave then," said Helen, smiling through her tears, "to act as usher to my friend on this occasion, for Hubert and I," she continued, turning to Shakspeare, "have been long pupils of the same master, and more than once has it happened that when children, we have taken lessons together in this very room, whilst our good Fraser here watched our progress rather with the affection of a parent than a mere instructor. As she said this, they entered the study, whilst Shakspeare could not

help looking upon Simon as he followed in a slow and somewhat melancholy step, with much of augmenting interest and esteem; for such had been the unaffected simplicity of his language and manner, as to give not the smallest intimation that he had ever acted a part which was in those days so generally allied to pedantry and self-importance.

There was, indeed, in every thing which surrounded the good old man, the same character of propriety and simple taste; for with the exception of the harp, which seemed from its decorations to have belonged to some high-born minstrel of an age long gone by, the apartment of Hubert Gray exhibited an equal degree of modesty and plainness in its attire. Its wealth was evidently in its literary stores, and these were of a description which speedily attracted the notice of the bard of Avon; for mingled with several minor classics and elementary tracts on education, peeped forth *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, *England's Helicon*, and *The Paradyce of Daintye Devices*. On a large oaken table were spread out a volume of *North's Plutarch*, another of *Holinshed's Chronicles*, and

Froissart by Bourchier Lord Berners; and on the sill of the window shaded by honey-suckles, and commanding a beautiful view of the Wye, and the wooded cliffs beyond, lay together with a lute and some loose manuscripts, a copy of *Sidney's Arcadia*, and of that "noble and joyous book," *La Morte d'Arthur*.

"By my troth, Master Fraser," exclaimed Shakspeare, somewhat astonished at finding himself in such company in the little village of Wyeburne, "but you have gotten here a rare collection of choice wits; and I marvel much that from such associates, and from such a Paradise of peace as smiles around you, your young friend could have had the heart to steal away. Surely something very extraordinary must have urged to such a flight."

As Simon was about to answer, Helen, who had taken up a few thin quartos that were laid partly open on the cushion of an ancient and very high-backed chair, came archly smiling to Shakspeare. "And look, my dear Sir," she said, slily placing them in his hands, and pointing to some manuscript notes which occupied a fly-leaf in a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*,

" what think you of the taste and literature of Wyeburne? Is not this to enjoy true fame?" The interrogatory, however, and the smile were instantly followed by a half-suppressed sigh, as the fate of him who had written these remarks passed across her mind; she blushed, and ere the bard could fashion a reply, she added, addressing him in a rather alarmed tone and manner, " But pardon me, my honoured friend, if I hurry you away, for by this time my father must have missed me at the hall, and his anxiety will, I fear, be awakened; — will you give me your company on my return? — And now, my kind Simon," she continued, for her companion had immediately assented to her proposal, " I cannot say farewell without charging you to mark this amongst the whitest mornings in your calendar; for you have hitherto, though unconsciously, been entertaining one for whom I know you to have long felt the deepest veneration — Shakspeare, our own and England's Shakspeare!"

" Pooh, pooh, Mistress Helen," exclaimed the bard laughing, " this is making mountains of mole-hills indeed. Give me your hand,

Master Simon, and let me tell you, to use a right pithy though somewhat homely phrase, there is no love lost between us. I hope soon, indeed, to be better acquainted both with you and your pupil Hubert, truant though he be!"

"Ah, Sir," rejoined Simon Fraser, his form dilating with conscious pride and pleasure as he spoke, "how would my poor boy have been delighted, could he have witnessed this day! for his whole mind has been rapt up in the study of your writings, which he was wont to term, and justly too, transcripts of the human heart. But he is gone I fear for ever!"

"I did never dream, Master Fraser," said the bard, alike gratified and astonished by what he had heard and seen, "of finding dramatic criticism amidst the cottages of this secluded valley; but I honour her retreat; and will venture to predict, notwithstanding this confession of surprise, for poet and prophet you know are sometimes combined, that Hubert Gray will not long be a stranger to Wyeburne."

"And now, my dear Helen," he continued, as having bade farewell to Simon and his wife, they commenced their return to the hall,

" prythee tell me who Hubert Gray and Simon Fraser are; for my curiosity, I can assure you, has been not a little awakened by the appearance of the one, and the slight sketch which I have had of the other."

" Would it were in my power," replied Helen," but, strange as it may seem, I can tell you little that will be satisfactory on the subject. All I know of Simon Fraser is, that about thirteen years ago, when I was not quite six years old, I can just remember his coming frequently to the Hall, and that shortly after this period, he began to instruct me and one of my little brothers, for I had then two, in the elements of English. He was a great favourite not only with my father but with us all; for though then rather advanced in years, he had nothing of the reserve or peevishness of old age about him, but, on the contrary, was remarkably kind and affectionate in his manners, singularly fond of children, and never so pleased, indeed, as when, either at his own cottage or at the Hall, he was playing to us on his harp, and singing to us songs of the olden time.

" It was at this happy period of our lives

when, one day, on visiting, as we often did, the cottage of our good preceptor, we found little Hubert Gray, a lovely child about a year or two older than myself, and who was soon established as our frequent playmate and companion. He was peculiarly lively and engaging in his disposition, and so won upon the heart of my father, that when I lost my poor brothers, who died before they reached the age of ten, he would often come to the Hall for days in succession, and we were allowed to take lessons together of Simon both on the lute and harp.

"As Hubert Gray grew up he became a general favourite with all who knew him; much of the liveliness, indeed, which had accompanied his very boyish years, wore off, and was succeeded by a somewhat pensive and thoughtful cast of mind; but he was ever kind and courteous in all he said and did, and to a pleasing person and very intelligent set of features, he added the infinitely more valuable acquisitions of a feeling heart and cultivated mind; for Simon Fraser, as he truly told us, loves him like his own child, and has, in fact, taught him all he knew; and Simon Fraser, my friend, though very plain and

simple in his habits and attire, and to outward view little other than a mere cotter, is, as you have doubtless perceived, no ordinary man."

"It is scarcely possible, my dear Helen, to be many minutes in the company of Simon Fraser without discovering that both nature and education have conspired to place him much above the level of that class of society to which at first sight he would seem to belong, and I am, therefore, the more desirous to learn not only his history, but that also of his adopted son Hubert Gray, whose character and conduct are not less interesting and perhaps still more extraordinary; for you have yet to account for his late wayward desertion of all that apparently he could hold dear upon earth. Can you give me no reason," he continued, glancing a look of keen but good humoured suspicion on his companion, "why he should thus so ungallantly leave his young friend and fellow-pupil, to ramble no one knows whither? and have you made no enquiries as to his origin, or that of his preceptor?"

"O yes," replied Helen with the utmost artlessness "interested as you must naturally con-

ceive me to be in the welfare of both, I have made many enquiries, but hitherto with little success; for a studied obscurity appears to be thrown over every attempt to develope the mystery, both on the part of Fraser and my father. The latter, indeed, has repeatedly told me that he is perfectly ignorant with regard to the birth and parentage of Hubert, for that understanding Simon to be solemnly pledged to secrecy on the subject, he had forborne urging him to a disclosure; and all that I have been able to obtain from the same source, in relation to the personal history of Fraser, has been confined to the mere statement of his being the son of a former bard or minstrel, a retainer of a branch of an ancient family connected with our own; that he came hither about twenty years ago, purchasing a little farm with property which had descended to him from the patronage of that house, and that having no children, he had contrived to live decently on the products of his few acres, together with the emoluments arising from his preceptorship at the Hall, and the small salary which he annually received for the maintenance and care of Hubert Gray."

"But you have forgotten, my love," said Shakspeare, smiling as he spoke, "to assign any reason for the ungracious conduct of this quondam playmate of yours. What could be his motives for quitting the little paradise in which he was seemingly placed?"

"I believe," returned Helen, and she blushed and rather hesitated as she replied, "it may, in a great measure, have been occasioned by a circumstance to which Simon Fraser alluded when speaking of the distressed state of mind of the poor youth, for the salary which used regularly to be transmitted for his education and support, has for the last two years, from some cause or other, been discontinued, and he cannot bear the idea of becoming a pensioner on the scanty means of these good old people, without any prospect of a restitution; and my father too," she continued, her voice assuming a more tremulous accent, whilst her eyes were bent upon the ground, "has for a still longer time estranged himself from him, and not many months, indeed, before he first absented himself from Wyeburne, forbade him all access to the Hall, treating even the aged Simon, whom

he had hitherto patronised, and I may say, highly esteemed, with neglect, on his account. Oh! my dear Sir," she added, after a pause of a few moments, slowly raising her eyes yet glistening with tears, and fixing them with a look of beseeching sorrow on the countenance of the bard, "if I could but interest you, who possess so much influence over my father, in the fate and fortunes of Hubert Gray, and who is, I do assure you, not unworthy of your regard, I think we should soon see him restored to Wyeburne and to peace of mind; for it is the displeasure of my father, involuntarily, and, believe me, sinlessly incurred, on the part of poor Hubert, that sits heaviest at his heart."

"I can truly tell you, my sweet girl," rejoined the poet, "that you have already very powerfully excited my sympathies in behalf both of Simon and his scholar; and as I think I can surmise," he added, looking archly at Helen, "what may partly, and yet very innocently, have occasioned this unhappy coolness between Hubert, and his former kind patron, I will venture to promise you, both for your sake and for that of the memory of days long since past,

that, provided nothing should occur to counterpoise my present impressions, I will use every effort to restore this desponding young varlet to the wonted good-graces of your father."

Thus conversing, they had nearly, and almost imperceptibly to themselves, reached the Hall, when from a thicket, or kind of wilderness, which skirted the pleasure garden, there started forth one of those customary appendages of the domestic establishment of the times, which, under the appellation of the *knave*, or *fool*, was deemed to be an indispensable protection against the encroachments of tedium and ennui. He was dressed in the usual costume of the character, in particoloured coat and hose, with hood and cocks-comb, bells and bauble, and came skipping towards them in high glee, clapping his hands, and pointing to his young mistress as he danced along, and singing

"The bonniest lass in all the land."

"Ah, Morley, my honest man," cried Helen, "and where is my father?" I am afraid he

has thought me a sad defaulter from his side this morning." — "Odds my life! Mistress Helen, but you'll be rated soundly, I can tell ye," answered Morley, grinning; "an' I had not as lief be skinned and fly-blown as stand in your shoes, never trust me." — "Why, what's the matter, knave?" said Helen, laughing. — "Matter, why there's nuncle yonder, chafing and fretting as he ambles up and down by his peach-wall, and swears you have run away with his poet."

"You see into what a scrape you have already gotten me, Master Shakspeare," exclaimed Helen, whilst Morley, struck by the name, jumped almost half his own height, calling out in an ecstasy, "Body of me; an a fool and a poet may shake hands," running up to the bard, and stretching forth his arm, "there's my digits; — but you must not away with my lady-bird," he continued, his features relaxing from a broad expression of delight into one of sorrowful import; and then, keenly surveying his new acquaintance from head to foot, he added, softly, his countenance brightening as

he muttered, " Safe, safe, — a little too late i'the day, a little too late i'the day.

> " Oken leaves began to wither
> Heavilie, heavilie, heigh ho!"

" And so, fool, I am to conclude," said Shakspeare, smiling, " that you think me too far gone in the vale of years to play the wooer any longer. Why, you rogue, spite of thy sunken eye and withered cheek, I do suspect thou hast thyself a favourite in a corner yet."

" Bless thy five wits, how they jump to the mark!" cried Morley, leering at the poet, and repeating

> " Hey, Robyn
> Jolly Robyn,
> Tell me how thy leman doth,
> And thou shalt knowe of mine :"

and then, turning to his young mistress with a countenance of the most ludicrous gravity, he added,

> " The smoakie sighes, the bitter teares
> That I in vaine have wasted."

"Pooh, pooh, Morley," exclaimed Helen, somewhat impatiently, "prythee cease thy fooling, and tell me where my father is."

"By the foot of Pharaoh, madam mine," returned the provoking knave, assuming a most consequential air, "we whom the gods have made poetical must not hide our talent in a napkin.

"Build me of boughs a little bower,
And set it near my lady's tower."

"Nay, an thou wilt not answer a plain question, fool," interrupted Helen, "I must be fain to have thee put in the stocks;" a threat which, though seldom, if ever, carried into execution, had usually its effect upon poor Morley, who dreading this infringement on human liberty, would become alarmed on the instant; and accordingly, on this occasion, after quoting in what he thought a very touching manner, the quaint line

"I love thee, my darling, as ball of mine eye,"

he added, "Follow, follow me, nuncle's by the south peach-wall;" and vaulting on before, and

beckoning them to follow, and ever and anon turning to hasten their step, nodding and grimacing to Helen, and singing

> A pretye foote to trippe and goe,
> But of a solemne pace perdye,
> And marvellous slowe in majestye,

he led them into the copse, and through that into the adjoining pleasure grounds.

"We shall find my father, I dare say," said Helen to her companion, "somewhere in the gardens, and we will, therefore, for once, take the fool for our guide." — "A broken reed, I am afraid," remarked Shakspeare, "for the rogue looks, by his sly and consequential leer, as if some wise scheme were ripening in his brain."

They now, however, following close after Morley, entered a grove, ornamented with trellis work and walks of close-shorn verdure, and so embrowned with trees that, as honest Hentzner says, "it seemed a place pitched on by pleasure to dwell in, along with health." From this they suddenly stept on a delicate and open green, on the further side of which

skirted by knots and beds of flowers, which formed a kind of Mosaic floor, rose in appearance a plantation, corresponding with that which they had just left, but which proved, on passing into it, a perfect wilderness, or labyrinth. Here the fool, who went on before, playing all manner of antics, began to raise his voice to a somewhat louder pitch, singing as was his wont, snatches and burdens of old songs, till, at length, turning quickly round, he came up to the side of Helen, murmuring, as he approached her, and with a most significant smile on his countenance, -

I could tell thee close in thine eare
A tale that thou would'st like to heare,
I dare well say,
As ladye gay
E'er loved to hear of her runnaway;

words which had scarcely passed his lips, when there suddenly glanced across one of the numerous paths which intersected the thicket, the figure of a young man, dressed in a frock of Lincoln green, and with a hunting pole in his hand. It was, however, but a momentary

vision; for just as Helen, almost fainting with surprise, had involuntarily exclaimed, "Good heavens! it is Hubert Gray!" the fool, with a vociferation which drowned every other accent, called out, "Gadzooks! another sail! another sail!" and then, running up one of the alleys, and shouting "Nuncle, nuncle," as loud as he could, Montchensey was presently seen approaching, with Morley skipping before him, pointing to Helen, and carolling with all his might –

> Now reed me aright, and do not mis ,
> What bonny sweet dame is this, I wis?

It was evident, however, that something had disturbed the temper of Montchensey, who was not easily provoked; for he appeared threatening the fool with his stick, and was heard, as he drew near, speaking to him in an angry tone, and exclaiming, "Who was that, you rogue, whom I saw just now thriding yonder maze in green? and where hast thou been all this time? Didst thou not promise me to be back in ten minutes? and here hast thou been gone better than an h ur."

Morley, who had by this time gotten to the side of his young mistress, put on a very melancholy and somewhat alarmed look at the charge; but this was speedily followed by a change of feature so vacant, and at the same time so laughably quaint, as almost to disarm resentment; whilst he stammered forth —

'Perdie, I said it not,
Nor never thought to doo:
As well as I ye wot
I had no power therto.

"I tell thee what, fool," said Montchensey, whose returning good humour was somewhat checked by this attempt at denial, however ludicrously made, "I must positively have this evil spirit of lying whipped out of thee. Go, get thee gone, ere thy shoulders and my cane become better acquainted;" an injunction which was instantly complied with by Morley, who, glad to have escaped so well, ran capering off in great glee, and singing, in his thoughtless mood, —

Many a faire lasse, borne up and downe,
Many a broker in a threid bare gowne,
Many a bankrowte scarce worth a crowne
In London.

"This knave," continued Montchensey, turning to Shakspeare, "is ever in a mischief; and were it not that he was brought up by my father, and I remember him with the kindness of early association, I should be almost tempted to get rid of him; for I do think this custom of keeping domestic fools would, to adopt a phraseology of your own, my friend, be more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

"I am afraid," returned the bard, addressing Montchensey with a smile of the utmost benevolence, "that I have been indirectly the cause of poor Morley's disgrace; but, tempted by the beauty of the morning, and the romantic appearance of your village, and, above all, by accidentally meeting with my fair hostess here, I had forgotten, I must confess, all note of time."

"And will you blame me, my dear father,"

said Helen, as a blush of the most ingenuous simplicity just tinted her cheeks, "when I add, that I have visited with our friend the cottage of Simon Fraser?"

"I cannot, my Helen," said Montchensey, extending his hand to her in the kindest manner; "nor do I wonder at your regard for that singular but amiable old man. Indeed, I take blame to myself for my late inattention towards him. But saw ye no one else there," he continued, assuming a solemn and somewhat reproachful manner, "in whose interest you could take a part?"

"No one, save Dorothy, my father; but I will freely own to you," she added, again slightly colouring, "for why should I conceal it, that I made some enquiries after poor Hubert Gray?"

"If I am not much mistaken," he replied, "though I confess I am somewhat startled by the occurrence, I saw him but now in yonder part of the thicket," pointing to the spot in which he had been seen by Helen; "and I suspect that that rogue Morley, with whom he was ever a great favourite, has, instead of

searching after you, as I had directed, been engaged with him." Then, turning to Shakspeare, he added, "You have, doubtless, my friend, whither you have been this morning, heard the story of Hubert Gray; it is one of some peculiarity, and not without its share of mystery; and as it is possible you may have mentally blamed my conduct in the business, I could wish to enter into some exculpatory explanation with you on the subject. We will, therefore, if you please, adjourn to the library, and believe me, my dear Helen," he continued, observing the tears starting in her eyes, and taking her once more affectionately by the hand, "believe me, when I add, that in all which concerns this poor youth, I know you have acted from the best and purest of motives."

They now hastily passed into the more open and artificial pleasure-grounds, Montchensey remarking, as they left the coverture, "You see, Master Shakspeare, that, following the recommendation of my Lord Verulam, I have adopted his plan of a heath or wilderness, 'framed as much as may be to a natural wild-

ness;' and it is, indeed, the only addition which I have made to the gardens of my ancestors."

"It is one, my friend," observed the poet, as they were entering the flower-garden, "which does honour to your taste; and here too, I can perceive another proof of it, for, to use once more the language of our great contemporary, 'because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music, than in the hand,'* you have taken care, I see, to select all those flowers and plants that do best perfume its breezes."

The compliment was not unmerited, for nothing could, in fact, be more varied, rich, and delicate than the odours which were wafted from this paradise of sweets; a paradise, however, which was constructed in exact conformity to the costume of the sixteenth century, and abounding, therefore, in terrace-mounds, curiously figured parterres, shorn shrubs, alleys, arbours, clipped ever-green hedges, arched walks, and all the diversities of fillery and

* Vide Bacon's Essays, No. 46., of Gardens, p. 269. edit. of 1632.

pleach-work, and interspersed with statues, jets d'eau, and basons of water.

'From this highly ornamented division of the pleasure-ground, and which opened at one extremity into a very extensive and loftily walled fruit garden, our party immediately passed into the court of the fountains formerly mentioned, and thence, through the hall, into the library, where some slight refreshment had been prepared for them from an early hour in the morning.

(To be continued.)

No. XII.

Who well acquainted with that commune plight
Which sinful horror workes in wounded hart,
With goodly counsell and advisement right
He much aswag'd the passion of his spright,
That he his pain endur'd, as seeming now more
light.

SPENSER.

"MY kind host," said Shakspeare, as they entered the library to which in our last number we had conducted the Montchenseys and their guest, and where, as was then mentioned, a few viands had been set out for their refreshment, "I have already this morning too sufficiently satisfied the demands of appetite with cottage fare, to admit of my partaking of your bounty, for the hospitality of Simon Fraser would allow of no denial; but here," he added, looking round him with great complacency, "is a store of mental food that will require somewhat more time for digestion."

"It has been accumulating for many years," returned Montchensey, "and I trust, you will find it choice in its quality; but you will pardon me if I now endeavour to recall your attention to the humble cottage at Wyeburne, for it is beneath that reeded roof that much of my present anxiety has lately originated." Then, turning to his daughter who, on this intimation, was quitting the room, "I will not forget, my love," he added, "to do you that justice which your filial affection and obedience so justly merit."

"And now, my admirable friend," he proceeded, "I will not again apologise to you for the introduction of a subject in which, from the unexpected occurrences of this morning, it is possible you may feel an interest; for, though without any assurance on your part, I conclude from what has incidentally dropped from Helen, that you must be acquainted with many of the particulars of the story of Hubert Gray."

"I have heard enough, Master Montchensey," replied the poet, "to excite in my breast a very lively concern both for the fate of Hubert Gray and of Simon Fraser, and I sincerely wish

it may comport with your views and feelings to restore this young man to your wonted countenance and good favour, provided he has done nothing which can justly entitle him to lasting displeasure."

"I am almost ashamed to confess," said Montchensey, "that, in this business, I have been, in a great measure, the architect of my own sorrows; for I have suffered Hubert and Helen to be much together even from their childhood; and I ought to have recollected, that it was scarcely possible for two young and unrelated persons of different sexes and of the most amiable dispositions, to be long and exclusively companions, without the interchange of the tenderest affections."

"I am to infer then," remarked Shakspeare, that the obscurity which, I understand, hangs over the birth and parentage of Hubert Gray, forms the principal, if not the sole defect in his character."

"Until within these few months," answered Montchensey, this has been precisely the case; for how could I bear to encourage what might lead to a union with one of whose origin and

connections I knew nothing! — It is now about sixteen years ago, shortly after an event that has never ceased to overwhelm me in the deepest affliction, that I first saw Hubert Gray, then a mere child of but four years old, beneath the roof of Simon Fraser. Young as he was, there was something in his features so peculiarly lovely, touching, and intelligent, and rendered perhaps more touching by the mystery which surrounded him, and which I found Simon pledged not to reveal, that I felt myself strongly impressed in his favour: and when, two or three years afterwards, I understood he was to receive all the advantages which education and ample remittances could procure, all that Simon, who was the earliest preceptor in my own family, could in the first instance impart, and all that masters elsewhere could subsequently confer, I hesitated not to admit him as the playmate and fellow-student of my own children. He grew up, indeed, a favourite with us all, as pleasing in his person and manners, as he was amiable in disposition, and accomplished in mind; and when it pleased Providence to deprive me of my sons, he seemed as it were to

supply their place; being, though nominally the guest and lodger of Simon Fraser, almost daily here. It was not, in fact, until I fully perceived the nature of the attachment which subsisted between him and Helen, that any coolness was shown by me. I thought it then highly necessary, and simply for the reason which I have already assigned, to interfere; and I must here, in justice to my daughter declare, that though I believe her heart to be deeply entangled in this bewitching snare, yet she listened to my wishes and injunctions with a filial deference and resignation that has, if possible, more than ever endeared her to my bosom. A very slight degree of reserve, indeed, on her part, all, in fact, that her tenderness for the youth would allow her to assume, was sufficient to effect the purpose I had in view; for there is a spirit of independency about Hubert, an acuteness of sensibility which speedily takes alarm, and he soon ceased to appear where the wonted cordiality, however slightly diminished, had failed to greet him. Indeed, with the exception of the casual view which I think I had of him but just now in the plantation, and which has, I

confess, greatly surprised me, I know not that I have seen him for more than a twelvemonth.

"I must further own, that in thus discharging what I thought an indispensable duty to my family, I have not only deprived myself of the society of one who was endeared to me by many amiable qualities, and, I fear, at the same time, materially injured the health and spirits of my beloved Helen, but I suspect that I have in a great measure been the cause of driving this unhappy young man from his only home, and, what is worse, of precipitating him, if some late reports be true, into courses which, even if the mystery of his birth could be cleared up to my satisfaction, might prove an insuperable bar to all his hopes and prospects."

"Shakspeare started at the information which the latter part of this narrative was calculated to convey, and after a pause of some moments, in which he seemed absorbed in thought, he at length said: "I can truly feel for your situation as a parent, Master Montchensey; but, nevertheless, I must say, that I think the fate of Hubert Gray is greatly to be pitied; for his was, I apprehend, the silent homage of the heart;

and considering the history and character which you have yourself given of the youth, how could it but be answered! I am, indeed, to a degree which surprises even myself, interested about the destiny of this young man; he is one, I think, after my own heart, and it shall go hard but I will fathom the bottom of a mystery which seems, in more directions than one, to threaten very undeservedly the extinction of his happiness, and, perchance, of his life; trusting, that should I find his birth what you cannot disapprove, you will not suffer any irregularity into which he may have been lately drawn, and which may probably, indeed, be considered as in some part the result of your own measures, to stand in his way."

"Be it so, my friend," replied Montchensey, "and I cannot but add, that in accomplishing your kind purpose, you will take from my heart one of the many burthens which press heavily upon it. But why should I thus entangle you in my domestic sorrows, why suffer the clouds which darken my own days, to spread their influence over all who approach me? Let me then, I pray you, turn your attention to another

and a better subject; and here, Master Shak-speare,' he continued, taking up a small volume which lay upon the library table, "is one upon which you, and you only, I apprehend, can throw the light I wish for." As he said this, he placed in the poet's hands his own Collection of Sonnets, which had been published about six years before. "Much as I admire those sonnets," he proceeded, "and I do assure you I think very highly of many of them in a poetical light, I cannot with any certainty ascertain to whom they are addressed. The point has puzzled sorely both myself and Helen; her curiosity, indeed, is particularly alive on the occasion, and as I promised her to interrogate you on the subject the first favourable opportunity, I left the volume on the table as a memento for that purpose; but I will now, with your permission, call her in, that she may, if you feel no repugnance to the disclosure, hear the secret from your own lips."

"And so, my fair Helen," cried the poet jocosely, as she re-entered the room with her father, "you are determined, I find, to bring me to confession. I am afraid, however, the dis-

covery will be accompanied with some disappointment, when I tell you that, with the exception of about thirty sonnets at the close of the collection, the rest, amounting to more than one hundred, are dedicated to my dearest friend, and earliest patron, my Lord Southampton."

"There, Helen," exclaimed Montchensey, with an air of triumph, "did I not tell you that if to any person more than another these sonnets might be conjectured to have a reference, his Lordship had the best claim?"

"It is very true, my father," answered Helen, who had by this time recovered her spirits, "but I trust, notwithstanding, Master Shakspeare will allow me to enquire, why the first seventeen of these little poems should be employed as dissuasives against a premature vow of celibacy, when we all know that Lord Southampton married, and at the age of five and twenty, the object of his first attachment, Elizabeth Vernon?"

"You will recollect," said the poet, "that this connection was begun without the knowledge of the Queen, about whose person Lord Southampton then was: that as soon as she dis-

covered it, she became extremely irritated, and, in fact, issued her mandate against the union. Indignant at this unjustifiable interference, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Southampton, who was then but just of age, and ardent in his disposition, should declare, in the phrensy of disappointed passion, that if he married not Elizabeth Vernon, he would die a bachelor. It was shortly after this period, at a time when the wished-for union seemed hopeless, without incurring disgrace at court, and when some of his friends, and myself amongst the number, were desirous both of combating his hasty resolution of celibacy, and of fixing his affections elsewhere, that these early sonnets were written."

"Excuse me, my dear Sir," replied Helen, "if I venture to ask, why, under such circumstances, you have dropped not the smallest allusion in these little poems, which might lead to a knowledge of the individual you were addressing, — not a word as to the wounded feelings or disappointed hopes of his lordship; but, confining yourself to a general reprobation of celibacy, left the peculiar object of your anxiety

to be detected, as in my father's instance, only by a subtile comparison of passages scattered through a numerous and succeeding series of sonnets?"

"I cannot but feel honoured, my fair hostess," returned the bard, "by the attention which you and your worthy father have paid to these trifles, and will freely confess, in reply to your question, that prudential motives alone induced the obscurity of which you complain. I was then but just rising into public notice; and had these Sonnets, which were extensively circulated in manuscript, as well among the friends of Lord Southampton as my own, ever reached the Queen, as in the slightest manner reflecting on her conduct by sympathising with the injuries of the Earl, the consequence might have been not only ruinous to myself, but, as I then thought, highly prejudicial to my friend. I, therefore, found it necessary, avoiding all direct application to his lordship, to restrict myself to a more general invective against the resolution he had formed, despairing, as he then did, of ever possessing the object of his affections, well knowing that

he for whom they were intended would understand me. Need I add, that within little more than four years from the commencement of this amour, the impetuosity of the Earl, breaking through all restraint, set the Queen at defiance by marrying his mistress? — a daring which I had not even ventured to contemplate, and which, as your father may recollect, was followed by the temporary imprisonment of both the parties."

"I must say," observed Montchensey, anticipating the remark of Helen, "that you have, in my opinion, sufficiently accounted for the obscurity which hangs over this part of your early poetry; but pardon my observing further, that one of the principal obstacles I had to encounter, in cherishing my belief of Lord Southampton being the object you had in view, arose from the terms of familiarity with which you addressed him, and on a topic, too, which required the utmost delicacy of management. Now, considering the great disparity of rank which subsisted between you and your patron, it seemed difficult to conceive that you would venture, or that he would suffer you, 'to re-

monstrate with him on a topic which an equal would scarcely have found himself at liberty to touch upon." *

"It may, I think, be very justly remarked, Master Montchensey," rejoined Shakspeare, "that oftentimes many things are endured from an inferior which would not be tolerated in an equal; and more especially is this the case with spirits jealous and quick in resentment, though full of honourable bearing. It is well known, that my Lord Southampton, with a heart alive to every kind and generous feeling, possesses a constitutional warmth and irritability of temper, and an independency of spirit, which brook not the interference of one on his own level, and that what he would not submit to listen to from a Rutland or Montgomery, he would receive with kind and patient consideration from a favourite in humbler life. It is also equally well known that his love for literature, and especially for dramatic literature, is warm, and even enthusiastic: and you compel me to add, that his partiality for myself, however little merited,

* Vide Malone's Shakspeare, apud Boswell, vol. xx. p. 219.

and his patronage of my efforts, however unworthy of such distinction in the eyes of others, have been, ever since my dedication to him of the Venus and Adonis, unparalleled, and, indeed, without bound. Will not all this, my good friend, prove a satisfactory solution of the difficulty which has startled you?"

"I allow it to be so, Master Shakspeare," answered his host, "but I have not done with your little volume yet; for, in the name of wonder, what are we to think of the last twenty-eight sonnets? You have here dropped your noble patron to address one, who is, even on your own confession, the most worthless of womankind. Had I not been assured, from universal report, of the purity of your moral character, I freely confess to you, that I should have condemned these pieces as the production of an unblushing profligate!"

"Most sincerely do I wish, Master Montchensey," rejoined the poet, "that, since I find them open to such misconstruction, they had never seen the light! But you will believe me, I have no doubt, when I say, that these sonnets, though apparently written in my own per-

son, are strictly ideal, and were intended solely to express, aloof from all individual application, the contrarieties, the inconsistencies, and the miseries of illicit love."

"It is impossible to know you, my friend, and to think otherwise," said Montchensey; "but as this personal knowledge is necessarily confined to a few, I cannot help wishing either that they had not been published, or that some intimation had been given of the nature of their origin."

"If I live, Master Montchensey, it shall be done," cried the bard. "Indeed," he continued, "had it not been for the urgent solicitations of a dear friend of mine, now no more, neither these sonnets, nor the greater part of those which precede them, had come forth; but he wrung from me a reluctant consent, and, having obtained the manuscript, immediately placed it in the hands of Thorpe, whence the edition now lying on your table." *

* Mr. Boswell having endeavoured, in the twentieth volume of "Malone's Shakspeare," p. 218. *et seq.*, to set aside the hypothesis which I started in my "Shakspeare and his Times," of Lord Southampton being the object to which the poet addressed the great body of his Sonnets, an hypothesis which, as

Here all further conversation on this topic was interrupted by the arrival of visitors from a neighbouring seat; for as the hour of dinner, as we have already stated, was, with families of distinction at this period, seldom later than twelve o'clock, morning calls were, of course, proportionally early. Discussion, however, not only on this subject, but on many others connected with the poetry and dramatic literature of the age, was frequently resumed at Wyeburne Hall; for both Montchensey and his daughter delighted, above all things, to listen to their illustrious guest, whenever they could happily engage him on topics connected either with his own history or that of his fascinating art. Indeed, nothing could be more gratifying to Shakspeare than the manner in which he spent his time beneath this hospitable roof; for he had here a choice as well as extensive library, a country rich in romantic beauties, and

he says, "some of my readers have considered as established," I have, in this imaginary conversation, replied to his objections, and, if I do not, indeed, very materially deceive myself, placed their want of force and applicability in a satisfactory point of view.

the society of those who, anticipating the admiration of a distant age, thoroughly understood and valued his incomparable genius. Nor could he fail to be deeply interested in all that concerned the wayward fate and history of Hubert Gray, more particularly as he found them indissolubly connected with the peace and happiness of Helen Montchensey, for whom, owing to the sweetness of her disposition, and the singular brilliancy of her understanding, he entertained the most affectionate regard. The mystery, too, which seemed to hang over the life, and press upon the feelings, of Eustace Montchensey, and the amiable yet very extraordinary character of that fine old man, Simon Fraser, closely mingled, as they appeared to be, with the fortunes of the younger parties, had a considerable share in exciting and keeping up an anxious curiosity.

It may readily be conceived, therefore, that in accordance with his promise to Montchensey, he lost little time in commencing some enquiry which might, he thought, lead to a detection of the present circumstances and occupation of Hubert Gray, trusting that through a know-

ledge of these he should eventually obtain a clue to the acquisition of his birth and origin; information which, while it seemed necessary as a precursory step to the happiness of the young people, might possibly throw some light upon, or at least contribute to disperse the melancholy which preyed upon the spirits of his friendly host. The only channel, however, through which at present he could hope for any success, seemed to lie in the person of poor Morley, who, from what had occurred that morning, must, there was every reason to believe, have made an appointment with Hubert Gray. From him, therefore, when they next met, he tried, by every sifting means, to procure the information he was in search of; but, though he soon discovered that he had really been with this young man at the time Montchensey had suspected, yet, whether from sheer ignorance, or, what is more likely, from mere cunning, on the part of Morley, he could obtain nothing further than that he, Hubert, had asked for Master Shakspeare, saying that he knew him well, and had something of importance to communicate to him. This was, however, a piece of intelligence

which, if not immediately satisfactory as to the main object he had in pursuit, might ultimately tend to forward his views, though he could not help feeling surprised at the claim on his acquaintance which the youth had made, unconscious as he was of ever having known such a being as Hubert Gray had been described to him.

It was not, indeed, until near a fortnight after this conversation with Morley, during which period he had repeatedly, though in vain, visited the cottage of Simon Fraser, for the purpose of seeking information, that any thing occurred which could, in the slightest degree, gratify his wishes on the subject, when, one evening, as he was strolling on the banks of the Wye, and, tempted by the more than usual splendour of a rich and glowing heaven, had prolonged his walk beyond its usual dimits, he was suddenly thrown by the abrupt winding of the stream, on a scene of matchless beauty and seclusion. The Wye here descending by a successive series of falls, into the bosom of a deep glen, flowed, as it reached the bottom, through banks which were on each side skirted with the most delicious

verdure, and spread out into a very irregular, though somewhat circular, little valley. It was a spot, indeed, where Nature seemed to have accumulated, in a small compass, many of her most attractive features; for on the left, looking down the current of the river, there arose a screen of the richest wood, and which, springing from the shelves of a high and precipitous cliff, seemed to tower into the clouds; whilst opposite, on the right, and at the foot of a fantastic pile of rocks, beautifully clothed with shrubs and flowers, appeared the mouth of a cavern or grotto, from which the greensward gently sloped for some hundred feet, to where an aged oak, standing solitary near the bank of the Wye, threw its gigantic arms almost athwart its stream.

Absorbed in the musings which this scene of sequestered solitude was calculated to inspire, it was some time before Shakspeare perceived that it had, at least, one human tenant. All seemed loneliness and silence, save when the gentle murmurings of the water-falls, or the gale of evening, as it whispered through the foliage, just broke upon the ear. If, thought the bard,

the spirit of peace were ever dependent on the beautiful repose of nature, this might be the blessed spot; a reflection which had scarcely struck his mind, when the sun, darting from beneath the illumined edge of a cloud, flung a golden light along the valley, and gleaming on the dark branches of the oak we have described, he could discern, as they caught the passing splendour of the beam, the figure of a man resting beneath their shade.

This was a discovery which, circumstanced as he then was, immediately interested the feelings of Shakspeare, and descending, therefore, a rude path which lay by the side of the Wye, and taking, as he reached the bottom of the falls, a somewhat circuitous course, he approached, without being seen, the object of his curiosity. It was, indeed, with no slight sensations of anxiety and hope that, perceiving, as he drew near, the form to be that of a young person, he flattered himself this might be the very identical being he was in search of, the unfortunate and self-banished Hubert Gray; an expectation which seemed the more probable, as there appeared to be something in the garb

and figure of the stranger beyond the common level. He was reclining on the turf against one of the massive roots of the oak which bulged considerably above the surface of the ground, and gazing, with an expression of awful anguish in his countenance, on the glories of the sinking day. "How beautiful, how majestic," he exclaimed aloud, "is yonder setting sun! It is thus the good and great descend into the grave, and hallowed is their bed of rest."

"It is, indeed, a vision of surpassing glory, my young friend, a noble lesson for the heart of man!" almost unconsciously replied the poet to the touching soliloquy of the stranger.

The youth started as he spoke, and springing on his feet, the word "Shakspeare," involuntarily escaped his lips. "It is even so, young man," returned the poet, steadfastly regarding him as the sun-beams lighted up his expressive features, "and, if I do not err, I may claim some knowledge of you too, as the minstrel whom I saw last Midsummer Eve beneath my roof at Stratford!" "The same, the same," replied the youth, whilst the hectic of a moment seemed to flush his cheeks; "and in tha.

minstrel," continued Shakspeare, "do I not address him whom these valleys know by the name of Hubert Gray?"

"I answer to that hapless name," was the reply of Hubert Gray, "and to one too," he added, hastily approaching the bard, and grasping him convulsively by the hand, "for which you will, perchance, feel less compassion; to that," and he paused for a few seconds, "to that of Roland the freebooter!"

"It is then as I feared," cried Shakspeare, involuntarily shrinking from the side of his companion, "and yet how can it be, how is it probable, that the robber Roland, whose skin was swarthier than the gipsy's hue, and whose locks were dark as the raven's wing, can thus be changed into a light-haired, fair-complexioned youth?"

"Art, and the necessity for concealment," rejoined Hubert with a bitter smile, "will readily account for this; and so effectual, indeed, has been the estrangement, that hitherto, under the common precaution of not suffering the leader of banditti to be seen in the broad glare of day-light, scarcely has the identity of

Roland and of Hubert Gray been once suspected. To you only, beyond the pale of my sworn brotherhood, have I now committed the secret, anxious to exculpate myself, if possible, to one whom I have been long taught to admire and whose influence with those whom yet I most love may, when the fate of Hubert shall have been decided, no distant date, perhaps, best extenuate his follies and his crimes."

"Alas! alas! young man," exclaimed the astonished bard, "what could induce you thus to plunge into a course which at once deprives you of the countenance and support of all good men, and renders you, at the same time, amenable to the violated laws of your country? Were there none whose good opinion you were desirous to maintain, none to whom duty, love, or friendship, should have bound you by ties alike hallowed and endeared?"

"I am a very wretch," replied the youth, deeply agitated as he spoke, "forsaken by those who gave me birth, disowned, cast off, — left to be a burthen on the gray hairs of him who fostered my childhood, and, what is worst of all, contemned, despised without a cause, where

I had garnered up my every hope, by the very individuals on whom I had learned to build my little world of happiness! It was this, my friend, for allow me, though but for a moment, to call you by that name, it was this last stroke, that, laying desolate as by an instant shock, all that I had fondly cherished, drove me, reckless of what might follow, from the cottage of my youth, to become the companion, and at length the leader of the lawless beings with whom you lately found me. See you not my friend," he added, pointing to the western heavens, " that scene of glory, yonder setting sun? What golden vales, what worlds of splendour seem to open round him; regions of everlasting bliss, abodes of love and virtue! Yes, bright as ye glow before me, ye mansions of the beautiful, there was a time when earth itself presented to my view visions of scarce less delight, when peace and hope dwelt with me, and she to whom my dreams of paradise were raised, the innocent, the lovely Helen, smiled on them till they kindled into life, till they seemed to burn with hues undying as your own! But now, degraded and abandoned, whither shall I turn?

Oh! that I could resume once more the innocence of my childhood! that I hung an infant on my mother's breast! or, that ceasing this instant to be, I could sink into the grave unconscious and forgotten!"

Against such a burst of agony and remorse, few could have stood unmoved, and we may easily imagine, therefore, that on Shakspeare, whose heart was ever open to all the finest feelings of humanity, the effect became, in a more than common degree, powerful and durable. There was, indeed, in the character of Hubert Gray, as it now developed itself, much that was calculated to call forth and gratify his closest scrutiny. It had, in fact, greatly interested him when first sketched in the light but glowing touches of Helen and of Simon Fraser; but of the *identity* of *Roland* and of *Hubert Gray*, he had then entertained not the smallest suspicion. Subsequent circumstances, however, and especially his conversations with Montchensey and Morley, had led to a momentary apprehension of the fact; but it had been almost as instantly dismissed, as too wild and romantic for credibility; nor could any thing, perhaps, but the

avowal he had just heard, have banished his incredulity, so great was the disparity, as well in manner as in appearance, between the two seeming individuals. He had now, however, the full truth before him, and if in *Roland* he had viewed with admiration the daring energy of the freebooter, the skill with which, young as he was, he had controlled the pitiless and indiscriminate plunder of his associates, and the singular courtesy of his demeanour, in *Hubert* he beheld with augmenting wonder and delight, with a mingled emotion, indeed, of the purest pity and esteem, the gentle and ingenuous child of sorrow and misfortune; one, who from his very peculiar and trying situation had become a victim to the delicacy and intensity of his feelings, and who was now, implicated as he felt himself to be with the lawless and proscribed, and deserted, as he thought, by all whom best he loved, a prey to unceasing self-upbraiding and despair.

There was also another circumstance which had its share in sustaining the very deep interest which Shakspeare felt for this unfortunate youth; for he beheld in his features, as they were now

casually illumined by the last rays of the setting sun, a very striking resemblance to one of his earliest and dearest friends, a descendant of the house of Neville, and who had been for many years a compulsory exile from his native country, and of whose history, or even existence, he had long lost any certain knowledge.

It was, therefore, with feelings almost parental, and with a look and voice, indeed, which bespoke the sincerest compassion, that he now addressed his suffering companion. "My Hubert," he said, "for by this endearing term your misfortunes entitle me to call you, I will henceforth be your friend, and, if you will permit me, your counsellor and guide!"

Tears of uncontrollable grátitude gushed into the eyes of Hubert, and he was about to throw himself at the feet of Shakspeare. "Nay, kneel not to me, dear youth," exclaimed the pitying bard, "a being frail and transient as yourself, but turn with humble resignation to Him who made yon glorious orb now sinking from our view. Go, ask of Him, my son, a contrite and a peaceful spirit; for it is to the impetuosity and pride of passion, to the re-

pinings of a heated imagination, to the keenness of an unregulated sensibility, that you are now the thing you dread to look upon. A time there has been, Hubert, when I have partly felt what now you feel, and, if I err not in the estimation of your nature, a time there will be, my young friend, when peace and hope shall once more shed their blessings on you."

"Oh, my friend! my father I may justly call you," replied the agitated youth, "can there be peace for one so wretched and so lost as I am?"

"There can, there is, my son," rejoined the bard, "provided you will listen to the promptings of dispassionate reason, to the suggestions of your better self, to the dictates of your conscience and your God! Believe me, Hubert, had you but been duly grateful for the blessings that were round you, what now you have to suffer and to fear could not have happened. It is true, the want of acknowledgment on the part of your parents, and, above all, your ignorance of their very being, is a great and serious evil; but, recollect, my son, that they have not altogether deserted you; they have placed you in

the hands of one who loves you as a father, who has had the desire, and, through them, the means, of giving you an excellent education; nor when, by some casualty, no doubt, your pecuniary resources failed, should you, actuated, as I must think, by a false notion of independency, though mingled with a tenderer feeling, have contemned the assistance of one to whom you were not only very dear, but bound as if by the ties of paternity. You have also enjoyed, in the society of the Montchenseys, those who knew your worth and prized your talents, and who, albeit acquainted with the obscurity which clouds your birth and parentage, have received you on terms of almost perfect equality; and if some coolness did at length take place on the part of Montchensey himself, could *you* wonder at the cause? I blame not your attachment, my son; for to have been long the companion and the favourite of Helen Montchensey, and not to have loved her, would have shown a heart alike insensible to goodness and to beauty; but you should not, at the same time, have been unmindful of the feelings of a father, you should not have forgotten your own

peculiar circumstances, and how few, situated as my friend Eustace is, could bear to think upon an union with one of unavowed, and, therefore, unknown origin; nor should you, in the bitterness of disappointment, have doubted the affection of her whose filial love and duty would alone account for what you have unjustly placed to coolness and caprice."

"And is there, then, my best of friends," interrupted the impetuous youth, his features flushing with delight, "is there then a chance, a hope for me, that Helen still cherishes in her breast one thought of Hubert Gray?" And then, suddenly reverting to his forlorn and desperate situation, he exclaimed, whilst his countenance assumed an expression of the deepest anguish, "Oh! fool that I was to doubt her tenderness and truth!—to rush headlong into misery and crime! Whither, shackled as I now am, the companion of outlaws and of robbers, an object of fear and execration, oh! whither shall I turn?"

As he said this, he threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of grief, whilst Shakspeare, after waiting for a few moments, until

the first ebullitions of passion had subsided, again addressed him: "Suffer not, my son, I pray you," cried the compassionate bard, melted even unto tears by what he witnessed, "suffer not these too agonising feelings to overwhelm your powers of mind. As far as they may lead to other and to better views, I would not wish to repress them; but this excess of self-reproach can only point the path to horror and despair. Rise, my son, and listen to me, for my heart yearns to save you from the gulph which seems ready to open at your feet."

There was, in the tone and manner with which these words were accompanied, such an evidence of earnestness and kindly sympathy, as irresistibly to soothe and calm the tumult which was struggling in the breast of Hubert. He rose and approached his monitor, under an impression of love and admiration, such as he had never felt before for any human being. "See, my son," resumed the poet, taking him affectionately by the hand, "how all things lie hushed around us! This vale, so green, so beautiful, — these waters lapsing with a flow scarce audible, — seem they not the chosen

haunts of virtue and repose? Oh, let the soft infection touch your soul!"

"It shall, it does, my noble friend," replied the youth, strongly affected. "Then hear me, Hubert," returned the bard: "erring and guilty as you have been, in leaguing yourself with those men of violence, you have yet a strong plea for mercy and for pardon, since, as I understand, the whole neighbourhood confesses that to Roland is to be attributed that forbearance and humanity which, contrary to their former habits, these men have lately shown. On this foundation, provided you will instantly break off all connection with them, I will pledge myself to obtain for you, from our gracious sovereign, a full and unreserved amnesty for what has passed."

"I feel the obligation at my heart," cried Hubert, deeply moved by the extraordinary benevolence of the offer; "but never, never shall it be said of Hubert Gray, that he saved his life at the expense of his associates! No, my friend, your kindness, — and words are wanting to express my sense of it, — must be in vain; for unless those to whom I have sworn to be

faithful can be partakers of the mercy extended to myself, we live and die together!"

"They shall be pleaded for, my son," rejoined the poet: "I will accept of your conditions; for am I not, in fact, indebted to those who could so promptly act up to your wishes,—who could spare the gentle bard, in deference to the muse he loved!"

"But will the boon you proffer me, most generous of men," replied the youth, relapsing into deep despondency,—"will life itself be worth preserving, unless I may aspire to that which alone can render it desirable?—unless, owned by those who gave me being, I shall be sanctioned to address the heart on which my happiness depends? Oh! pardon me; but I had rather spill my life-blood on the rocks of M———ton dale, and die the death of Roland, the freebooter, than be the thing I was, contemned, neglected, and forgotten!"

"You are wrong, you are greatly wrong, young man," answered Shakspeare, somewhat hurt and offended by this sudden burst of uncontrolled emotion. "Can it be, that you have so soon forgotten those better thoughts, those

feelings of compunction and remorse, which so lately agitated your bosom? Remember, that as Hubert Gray, you were more sinned against than sinning; but can this be said of Roland the freebooter? Return; then, once more, my son, unto this vale of peace; again gladden the heart of him to whom you owe so much, the good old Simon Fraser; and trust me when I say, no effort on my part shall be wanting in your behalf with your former friends at Wyeburne Hall. Indeed, so strongly, both in person and manner, do you resemble, Hubert, one who was peculiarly dear to me, and who may, for aught I know, be yet living, though in a foreign land, that I do not absolutely despair of being able to discover some traces of your family and lineage."

This was an intimation which seemed to strike upon every fibre of the heart of Hubert, and for some moments he appeared to be overcome by the intensity of his feelings. "Tell me," he at length exclaimed, in a voice scarcely articulate, "O tell me who are my parents, to whom I owe my being!"

"Nay, check this transport, my son," re-

plied Shakspeare, somewhat alarmed by the extreme energy of his manner; "perhaps I have already gone too far in intimating what I have done; for it has been solely on the ground of resemblance that the hope is suggested to my mind. More I cannot say at present; but rest assured, that the interest which is now awakened in my breast on the subject shall not sleep; I will make every possible enquiry, and, in the meantime, allow me to hope that when we next meet it may be in the cottage of Simon Fraser."

"It shall, it shall," replied Hubert, with emphatic tenderness; "I will again see that once happy roof; but my visits, for the present, must be short and seldom. I must rejoin my comrades by to-morrow's dawn; I must gradually prepare them for the mercy which you meditate; I must share their fate for evil or for good. Yes, strange as it may appear to you, my generous benefactor, it will require all my influence with these men, to induce them again to submit to the restrictions of civilisation,—to receive, long as they have been accustomed to a state of lawless independency, the pardon with

the shackles of society. Yet I have no doubt I shall be able to effect this; but were I suddenly to break the ties which bind us, — were I, their chosen leader, to accept what either they could not participate, or should hold in scorn, my destruction, and that, I have no doubt, of all connected with me, would be the probable result."

"I believe you are right, my son," returned the bard, "nor will I interfere as to the mode of carrying our wishes into effect; but where, let me ask you, ere we part, do you rest your head for the night, for you talked but just now of not rejoining your band until the dawn?"

"Behold yon cavern," he said, pointing to the excavation which we have already noticed as visible on one side of the glen, "it is thither I occasionally fly from conscious guilt and strife. Whilst my steed is grazing in the valley, my couch of leaves is there, and there in silence and in solitude, on the banks of the stream which has witnessed the innocence of my childhood and my early youth, I love to pour out the anguish of my soul, the only solace which my wayward fate has left me!"

"Farewell! my Hubert," cried Shakspeare, strongly affected by what he had just heard, "farewell! I will not forget you. Nor do you fail to revisit, as you have promised, the cottage of our friend at Wyeburne. Through him you shall hear from me, and beneath his roof it will not be long, I trust, before we meet again!"

As he said this he kindly pressed the hand of the unfortunate youth, whose heart, however, was too oppressed for utterance. The bard then turned to retrace his steps to Wyeburne Hall, and Hubert, overwhelmed by the conflict of his own emotions, rushed into the deepest recesses of his cavern.

(*To be continued.*)

No. XIII.

In this path,
How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
A different picture, new, and yet the same.

MASON.

The second book of the Gardens of De Lille is entirely occupied by the subject of plantations, the most important part, perhaps, in the creation of landscape scenery; as upon this, in a great measure, depend the richness and variety of the views, and the happy disposition of light and shade. After commenting, therefore, on the grace and grandeur, the elegance and majesty, to be derived from the growth of forest trees, even in their insulated state, the poet passes on to a consideration of the diversity, sublimity, and beauty, springing from their natural or artificial combination, under the shape of forest, group, or plantation, terminating his picture

with a further encomium on the picturesque effect so frequently resulting from the form and situation of a single tree, and especially from the solitary grandeur of an ancient oak:

Tantôt un bois profond, sauvage, ténébreux,
Epanche une ombre immense: et tantôt moins nombreux,
Un plant d'arbres choisis forme un riant bocage;
Plus loin, distribués dans un frais paysage,
Des groupes élégans frappent l'œil enchanté:
Ailleurs, se confiant à sa propre beauté,
Un arbre seul se montre, et seul orne la terre.—
Dans les jardins de l'art, notre luxe autrefois
Des arbres isolés dédaignoit la parure:
Ils plaisent aujourd'hui dans ceux de la nature.
Par un caprice heureux, par de savans hasards,
Leurs plants désordonnés charmeront nos regards.
Qu'ils diffèrent d'aspect, de forme, de distance;
Que toujours la grandeur, ou du moins l'élégance,
Distingue chaque tige, ou que l'arbre honteux
Se cache dans la foule et disparoisse aux yeux.
Mais lorsqu'un chêne antique, ou lorsqu'un vieil érable,
Patriarche des bois, lève un front vénérable,

Que toute sa tribu, se rangeant à l'entour,
S'écarte avec respect, et compose sa cour;
Ainsi, l'arbre isolé plait aux champs qu'il décore.

Chant 2.

The forest there immense, a black profound
Of savage gloom, frowns more than midnight round:
Here choicer trees array the laughing glade,
And weave around a gently-glimm'ring shade:
There scatter'd groups arise at distance due,
Adorn the vale, and fix the raptured view:
A single tree here bids her boughs expand,
While lonely beauty decks the subject land.—
Erst art in gardens trim disdain'd to see
The simple beauties of a lonely tree:
But Nature owns them, and they win applause:
For various trees are sway'd by various laws,
And tho' caprice or chance may bid them grow,
Ev'n from their wild confusion grace may flow.
Then mark with care their distance, form, and hue,
Whose dignity or grace may charm the view.
And lest the shapeless trunk may hurt the eye,
Hide in deep shades its foul deformity.
But O respect the patriarch oak, whose brow
Sublime o'erlooks the stripling tribe below!
And where his grandeur tow'rs the shades between,
There open wide around the sylvan scene;

High o'er the filial circle let him reign,
And spread new glories o'er the smiling plain.

I have brought forward this passage with the view of showing with what skill and precision the anonymous translator has been able to render the more didactic parts of his undertaking. Simplicity, harmony, and perspicuity characterise these lines, and, as in the French poem, they rise into energy, and almost into sublimity, towards the close. They may be said, indeed, to equal, if they do not surpass their original.

In reading *De Lille* with a reference to the nearly simultaneous and sister production of his brother bard, the pathetic *Mason*, many parallelisms, it is obvious, must necessarily be detected, and, certainly, considering the circumstances under which the two works were composed, without exciting any wellfounded suspicions of plagiarism. It happens that the extract I have now given affords us an instance of the kind; for Mason, whilst describing the ancient vista, the "long cathedral isle of shade," and whilst condemning it to be broken up, though its "spreading oaks"

Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of SIDNEYS, nay, perchance, of SURRY'S reed,

pauses, as he might justly do, with deep reluctance over the sentence, and partially rescinds it, indeed, in the following beautiful lines, whose resemblance to the terminating couplets of the quotation from De Lille, cannot but be considered as very striking. The English bard, after lamenting the failure of every other plan to break the formal line, calls for the axe, yet adds as he does it,

Trust me, tho' I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear,
It is an antient friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
To break the obdurate line. So mayst thou save
A chosen few; and yet, alas, but few
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
That shadowy pomp, which only they can give:
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;

And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
Towers with parental dignity supreme.
Book i. l. 333.

Having adduced this specimen of the manner in which our anonymous translator has kept pace with the *didactic* spirit of his author, I now hasten with renewed pleasure to resume that series of quotations whose object is to prove with what occasional felicity the more vigorous and imaginative parts of the French poem have been sustained. The passage, indeed, which I am about to produce is (with the exception of two or three comparatively weak lines) one of that number which, in my opinion, has not only rivalled, but surpassed the original in the energy of its versification, and the poetical tone of its expression.

The Gallic bard has been giving directions for the formation of groups, and he then proceeds to shew, how far even woods and forests can be indebted to the judicious interference of art, employed, as it may be, to diversify their aspects and to soften their more rugged features, without, at the same time, breaking in upon the unity

and simple grandeur of their scenery." The subject opens with a forcible and highly-animated apostrophe.

Bois augustes, salut! Vos vôûtes poétiques
N'entendent plus le Barde et ses affreux cantiques;
Un délire plus doux habite vos déserts;
Et vos antres encore nous instruisent en vers.
Vous inspirez les miens, ombres majestueuses!
Souffrez donc qu'aujourd'hui mes mains respectueuses
Viennent vous embellir, mais sans vous profaner;
C'est de vous que je veux apprendre à vous orner.
Les bois peuvent s'offrir sous des aspects sans nombre:
Ici des troncs pressés rembruniront leur ombre:
Là, de quelques rayons égayant ce séjour,
Formez un doux combat de la nuit et du jour.
Plus loin, marquant le sol, de leurs feuilles légères,
Quelques arbres épars joueront dans les clairières,
Et flottant l'un vers l'autre, et n'osant se toucher,
Paroîtront à la fois se fuir et se chercher.
Ainsi le bois par vous perd sa rudesse austère:
Mais n'en détruisez pas le grave caractère.
De détails trop fréquens, d'objets minutieux,
N'allez pas découper son ensemble à nos yeux.

Qu'il soit un, simple et grand, et que votre art lui
laisse,
Avec toute sa pompe, un peu de sa rudesse.
Montrez ces troncs brisés: je veux de noirs torrens
Dans les creux des ravins suivre les flots errans.
Du tems, des eaux, de l'air n'effacez point la trace,
De ces rochers pendans respectez la menace,
Et qu'enfin dans ces lieux empreints de majesté
Tout respire une mâle et sauvage beauté.
Chant 2.

Hail holy haunts! no more your vaults among
The wild-eyed bard resounds his hideous song;
Now 'mid your caves a milder spirit dwells,
And inspiration breathes from all your cells;
Majestic groves! you now exalt his strain,
Whose hands shall ne'er your sacred gloom profane,
From you with reverence he'll learn to trace
The strong expression that your shades may grace.
Unnumber'd aspects may the forest own;
Here the thick trunks the gloomy bow'rs imbrown.
There glances thro' the shade a smiling ray,
And doubtful darkness strives with glimm'ring day.
A shower of silv'ry light there strews the ground,
While the leaves fling a trembling shade around.
Now waving trees with sportive summits meet,
Now from each other coyly they retreat.

Thus shall the forest lose its frown severe,
But, ah! its solemn sacred gloom revere!
Let no weak parts the mighty whole destroy,
Nor the tir'd eyes with idle objects cloy.
Let it be one; a plain majestic scene;
And Nature grand and wild at once be seen!
Let time-worn trunks there frown, their thund'ring roar
Thro' the rent rocks let headlong torrents pour;
Of time, the storms, and floods each scar retain;
Respect those rocks whose horrors threat the plain;
And o'er the whole in all his savage pow'r,
Still let the bold majestic Genius low'r!
Such is the simple grandeur Nature loves,
And ever true to Nature, Taste approves.

Shortly after this passage the author makes a transition to the wanton havoc and desolation which luxury and extravagance have so frequently and so extensively wrought amongst the groves and woods of a once rich and picturesque domain, unmindful of the tardy operations of time, and forgetting that neither wealth nor power can anticipate the work of nature, and revive at will the violated shade. He more particularly points his invective against the

young and dissipated heir, who, without one trait of pity or remorse, resigns to the axe what his fathers had so highly cherished and revered; and he hastens to apostrophize those, who feel inclined to follow the ruinous example, in terms which, if poetry could make its way to hearts thus callous to all sympathy with some of the best associations of the human mind, might in all probability avert the fatal stroke. It is an appeal which, in sweetness, tenderness and moral feeling, rivals the pathetic strains of Moschus, and it is one which I am happy in being able to remark, has suffered no deterioration in passing through the hands of our anonymous translator: —

Ah! par ces bois sacrés, dont le feuillage sombre
Aux danses du hameau prêta souvent son ombre;
Par ces dômes touffus qui couvroient vos ayeux,
Profanes, respectez ces troncs réligieux!
Et quand l'âge leur laisse une tige robuste,
Gardez-vous d'attenter à leur vieillesse auguste.
Trop tôt le jour viendra que ces bois languissans,
Pour céder leur empire à de plus jeunes plants,
Tomberont sous le fer, et de leur tête altière
Verront l'antique honneur flétri dans la poussière.—

Croissez, hâtez votre ombre, et repeuplez ces
champs,
Vous, jeunes arbrisseaux ; et vous, arbres mourans;
Consolez-vous. Témoins de la foiblesse humaine,
Vous avez vu périr et Corneille et Turenne :
Vous comptez cent printems, hélas ! et nos beaux
jours
S'envolent les premiers, s'envolent pour toujours. —
Heureux donc qui jouit d'un bois formé par l'age ;
Mais plus heureux celui qui créa son bocage !
Ces arbres, dont le tems prépare la beauté,
Il dit comme Cyrus : " C'est moi qui les plantai."
Chant 2.

Oh! by those shades, beneath whose ev'ning bow'rs
The village dancers tripp'd the frolic hours ;
By those deep tufts, that shroud your father's tombs,
Spare, ye profane, their venerable glooms !
To violate their sacred age, beware,
Which e'en the awestruck hand of time doth spare.
Too soon, alas ! to fate their strength must yield,
Too soon shall younger trees usurp the field !
The axe will fall ; on earth's cold bosom laid,
Defiled with dust, their tresses fair shall fade. —
Ye saplins, rise, and crowd the empty space,
Ye dying trees, forgive your dire disgrace !

The fate of short-lived, hapless ma . recall,
For you have seen the brave, the learned fall;
Corneille, Turenne, now sleep in dust; on you
A hundred springs have shed their balmy dew·
But man's best days, alas! are soonest fled,
And those once gone, to ev'ry joy he's dead!
Bless'd is the man whose trees for years have stood:
More bless'd whose happier hands create a wood.
He cries with Cyrus, as their shades disclose,
" 'Twas I who planted all those stately rows."

One of the most pleasing characteristics, indeed, of the didactic poetry of De Lille, is the vein of pensive tenderness, and touching morality which pervades, endears, and hallows, as it were, almost every page. It is thus that on the topic of plantations, whilst inculcating precepts for the choice and distribution of tints, so as to call forth the most striking effects of harmony, variety, and contrast, he adverts to the many-coloured woods of Autumn in a strain of melancholy enthusiasm which must find an echo in every bosom that has learnt to feel for sorrow and for suffering. It is fortunately one of those passages to which all imaginable justice

has been done by our translator, who, as the reader will immediately perceive, has in one or two instances availed himself, with the happiest taste, of a very admirable sketch in the Seasons of our amiable Thomson.

Remarquez-les surtout, lorsque la pâle automne,
Près de la voir flétrir, embellit sa couronne.
Que de variété, que de pompe et d'eclat!
Le pourpre, l'orange, l'opale, l'incarnat,
De leurs riches couleurs étalent l'abondance.
Hélas! tout cet éclat marque leur décadence.
Tel est le sort commun. Bientôt les Aquilons
Des dépouilles des bois vont joncher les vallons;
De moment en moment la feuille sur la terre,
En tombant, interrompt le rêveur solitaire.
Mais ces ruines même ont pour moi des attraits.
Là, si mon cœur nourrit quelques profonds regrets,
Si quelque souvenir vient rouvrir ma blessure;
J'aime à mêler mon deuil au deuil de la nature.
De ces bois desséchés, de ces rameaux flétris,
Seul, errant, je me plais à fouler les débris.

Chant 2.

Mark too, what time in many-colour'd bow'rs,
Pale Autumn wreathes his latest, loveliest flow'rs;

The rich luxuriance mark of ev'ry view,
The mild and modest tint, the splendid hue,
The temper'd harmony of various shades!
Alas! their beauty blooms at once and fades.
Such is the lot of all: and now each gale
Bleak-whistling robs the groves, and strews the vale;
While oft, who strays beneath in pensive mood,
Starts at the leaf, that rustles from the wood.
But, ah! my soul enjoys the dying year,
I drop the sadly-sympathizing tear,
When Nature mourns; and in my woe-worn heart,
When memory probes some wound with double smart,
Oh! how I love the with'ring waste to tread,
When all the verdure of the year is fled!

'From this sweet but sombre picture of the dying year, from the deep recesses of the forest, whose sea of foliage is sounding to the storm, our author turns with the happiest effect of contrast to luxuriate amid the blooming world of shrubs and flowers. He has managed the transition with the most delicate art, and to this skilful interchange and opposition of subject, which is kept up throughout the entire poem, much of the impressiveness and fascination of the work is to be attributed.

Nor has the translator failed to preserve this attractive feature of the original; for though, as hath been already observed, he often sinks beneath the grace and finish of his author in the more subdued and preceptive parts of the undertaking, yet he ever rises with him where the subject demands a more vigorous wing, and not seldom, indeed, has he surpassed him on such occasions, in the strength and elevation of his flight. It is worthy also of remark, that, as in these more striking parts of the original, where beauty happens to be the leading charm, the translator has exhibited a polish which rivals that of his author, we must ascribe to indolence, and not to want of power, his failure in so essential an article, where, perhaps, it is most required, the humbler, and less ornamented portion of the poem.

As a specimen of the harmony of diction, and grace of expression, with which our translator can embellish a favourite topic of this kind, his version of the passage just alluded to, on flowering shrubs, may be appositely quoted.

Venez peuple enchanteur!
Vous êtes la nuance entre l'arbre et la fleur;
De vos traits délicats venez orner la scène.
Oh! que si moins pressé du sujet qui m'entraîne,
Vers le but qui m'attend je ne hâtois mes pas,
Que j'aurois de plaisir à diriger vos bras!
Je vous reproduirois sous cent formes fécondes;
Ma main sous vos berceaux feroit rouler les ondes;
En dômes, en lambris j'unirois vos rameaux;
Mollement enlacés autour de ces ormeaux,
Vos bras serpenteroient sur leur robuste écorce,
Emblême ds la grâce unie avec la force.—
Pour vous, à qui le ciel prodigua leur richesse,
Ménagez avec art leur pompe enchanteresse:
Partagez aux saisons leurs brillantes faveurs;
Que chacun apportant ses parfums, ses couleurs,
Reparoisse à son tour, et qu'au front de l'année,
Sa guirlande de fleurs ne soit jamais fanée.
Ainsi votre jardin varie avec le tems;
Tout mois a ses bosquets, tout bosquet son printems.
Chant 2.

Ye gentle shades between the trees and flowers,
With you, ye laughing race, I'll deck my bowers.
O that my theme would grant the fond delay,
Nor with too urgent haste forbid my stay!

With what delight my hands each spray should guide,
And teach your curling tendrils where to glide!
In woven bowers, and roofs, your shoots should grow,
And 'neath your network arch the riv'let flow;
Around yon elm your wedded arms should wind,
Emblem of strength, with gentlest beauty join'd, —
You then to whom their lovely pomp is giv'n,
Display with art these charming gifts of Heav'n;
Let ev'ry season have their brilliant bloom,
Their laughing colours, and their rich perfume;
Let each in turn the well-wrought chaplet wear,
Thus ne'er shall fade the garland of the year;
But new-born joys shall every season bring,
Each month a bower, and ev'ry bower a spring.

The bard then proceeds to show how this glowing scene may be realized, even during the most rigorous season, by the creation of what has been termed a winter-garden, where "the yew and the fir, the ivy, the holly, and the laurel, and many other trees and plants of a like hardy constitution, may be so tastefully cultivated and arranged, that nature shall call the work her own, although, by their assem-

blage, the severity of one portion of the year seems banished from the eye. ' A perfect fairy-land of this kind, he tells us, existed at Monceaux, the winter-garden of the Duc d'Orleans, where, in the language of our anonymous version, —

Enchanted grottoes rise, and magic bowers;
There braves the rose, the chilling waste of snow,
And 'mid the icy horrors learns to blow.
Seasons and climes to power superior yield,
And spring eternal decks the fairy field.

Yet whatever may be the beauty of the landscape, or the garden which has been called into existence; however taste and art may have united to render them the very impress of nature in her loveliest garb, unless sentiment and affection be associated with the scenery, all will soon cease to charm, through the mere influence of habit; and whilst the stranger views the creation with delight, to the accustomed eye of the proprietor it has forgotten to suggest what may touch the heart, or fix his fond regard.

To prevent this apathy and sense of satiety,

the French poet very judiciously places before us the example of the Laplanders, asking, as he introduces the subject, —

N'est-il pas des moyens dont le charme secret
Vous rende leur beauté toujours plus attachante ?
Oh! combien des Lapons l'usage heureux m'enchante !
Qu'ils savent bien tromper leurs hivers rigoureux !
Nos superbes tilleuls, nos ormeaux vigoureux !
De ces champs ennemis redoutent la froidure :
De quelques noirs sapins l'indigente verdure
Par intervalle à peine y perce les frimats !
Mais le moindre arbrisseau qu'épargent ces climats
Par des charmes plus doux à leurs regards soit plaire ;
Planté pour un ami, pour un fils, pour un père,
Pour un hôte qui part emportant leur regrets,
Il en reçoit le nom, le nom cher à jamais.

Chant. ii.

Are there no charms whose secret springs might move?
No lasting tie to wake their master's love?
Behold, how Lapland's wiser offspring cheer
The dreary horrors of their wintry year!

Our proudest oaks and elms refuse to dare
The fatal blasts that freeze their bitter air.
There, thinly scatter'd o'er their dreary coasts,
A few black firs scarce pierce the solid frosts.
But the least shrub those ice-bound climates spare,
Their love and fixed regard is sure to share.
Raised to a sire, a son; or friend who bore
Their parting wishes to a distant shore;
His name it bears, that name for ever dear,
And often claims the tributary tear.

After briefly noticing with what grace and sweetness the translator has preserved the pensive flow and tender sentiment of his original, I shall only further remark, that to associations of the kind here recommended, and to those likewise which spring from objects recalling to our thoughts the good and great of ages long gone by, we are often indebted for an interest more permanent and unpalling than can possibly be elicited from any other source within the field of landscape gardening. Much taste, however, and much delicacy are required, when passing beyond the mere consecration of the tree or grove, we raise the bust, the mausoleum, or the urn; for the slightest idea of any thing obtrusive

or ostentatious, would at once dissipate the charm, and render what should call forth the sympathy of the passing stranger, an object to him of ridicule or disgust.

An episode commemorative of the birth of the Dauphin in 1781, immediately follows the passage I have just quoted, and the author then gradually and artfully slides into a brief notice of the pleasing art of improving flowers and fruits by cultivation, eulogising at the same time, those who have laid us under material obligation by importing the treasures of a distant shore. Among benefactors of this description he particularly singles out the Roman General Lucullus as the importer of the cherry from Armenia; an instance which suggesting to his recollection the warfare of the ancient Gauls with these once haughty masters of the world, he bursts forth into the following strain of patriotic exultation, which, as being one of those portions of the original to which the talents of the translator have been happily applied, I shall select for these pages.

— Ces mêmes Romains n'ont-ils pas vu nos pères,
En bataillons armés, sous des cieux plus prospère
Aller chercher la vigne, et vouer à Bacchus
Leurs étendards rougis du nectar des vaincus?
Du fruit de leurs exploits leurs troupes échauffées
Rapportoient, en chantant, ces précieux trophées.
Du pampre triomphal ils couronnoient leurs fronts;
Le pampre sur leurs dards s'enlaçoit en festons.
Tel revint sur son char le dieu vainqueur du Gange,
Les vallons, les coteaux célébroient la vendange;
Et partout où coula le nectar enchanté,
Coururent le plaisir, l'audace et la gaieté.

Chant 2.

Did not those Romans feel our conquering arms,
When down our fathers rush'd in martial swarms?
Invited by the smiles of happier skies,
They found the vine and bore away the prize.
Their standards, blushing with the purple stream,
To Bacchus they devote with loud acclaim;
Warm with the rich reward of all their toils,
With hymns of joy, they bear along the spoils;
Around their brows its garlands they entwine,
And from their spears depends the clustering vine.
Thus when returning from the Ganges' flood,
The hills and dales proclaim'd the conqu'ring god;

The juice nectarious dy'd the thirsty ground,
And joy in merriest mood still ran around.

The poet then calls upon his countrymen to imitate the example of their remote ancestors, and as the sons of those adventurous Gauls, to bear away the rural spoils of every clime: —

All those that meet the op'ning eye of day,
And those that drink the sun's meridian ray,
All that his farthest west'ring beams behold,
Or scarce peep forth amidst eternal cold:

thus placing before the eye of the Parisian the vegetable products of the four quarters of the globe; an exhortation which introduces one of the most beautiful and affecting episodes to be found in didactic poetry. It is built on a circumstance which actually took place in one of the Botanic Gardens of France. "Potaveri," says M. De Lille, "was an inhabitant of Otaheite, brought over into France by the celebrated M. De Bougainville. — The anecdote here related is well known, and very interesting. I have only changed the scene, which I have

placed in the Royal Garden of plants. I could have wished my verses had breathed all the sensibility of those few words which he pronounced as he embraced a tree, which he recollected to have seen at home, and which immediately recalled his country to his mind. 'C'est O-Taïti', 'this is Otaheite', cried he; and looking at the other trees, 'Ce n'est pas O-Taïti,' 'this is not Otaheite.' Thus this tree and his country were identified in his mind."

Well might De Lille doubt his powers of doing justice to the touching simplicity of this pathetic anecdote, for it may be justly said to speak the very language of the heart. It will be interesting however to ascertain how far the Frenchman and his translator have succeeded in their arduous attempt.

L'heureux étranger,
Des bords qu'il a quittés reconnoissant l'ombrage,
Doute de son exil à leur touchante image,
Et d'un doux souvenir sent son cœur attendri.
  Je t'en prends à témoin jeune Potaveri.
Des champs d' O-Taïti, si chers à son enfance,
Où l'amour sans pudeur n'est pas sans innocence,

Ce sauvage ingénu, dans nos murs transporté,
Regrettoit dans son cœur sa douce liberté,
Et son île riante, et ses plaisirs faciles.
Ebloui, mais lassé de l'éclat de nos villes,
Souvent il s'écrioit : " Rendez-moi mes forêts."
Un jour, dans ces jardins où Louis à grands frais,
Des quatre points du monde et un seul lieu rassemble
Ces peuples végétaux surpris de croitre ensemble,
Qui, changeant à la fois de saison et de lieu,
Viennent tous à l'envi rendre hommage à Jussieu.
L'Indien parcouroit leurs tribes réunies,
Quand tout à coup, parmi ces vertes colonies,
Un árbre qu'il connut dès ses plus jeunes ans,
Frappe ses yeux. Soudain, avec des cris perçans
Il s'élance, il l'embrasse, il le baigne de larmes,
Le couvre de baisers. Mille objets pleins de charmes,
Ces beaux champs, ce beau ciel qui le virent heureux,
Le fleuve qu'il fendoit de ses bras vigoureux,
La forêt dont ses traits perçoient l'hôte sauvage,
Ces bananiérs chargés et de fruits et d'ombrage,
Et le toît paternel, et les bois d'alentour,
Ces bois qui répondoient à ses doux chants d'amour,
Il croit les voir encor, et son âme attendrie,
Du moins pour un instant, retrouva sa patrie.

Chant 2.

Haply the stranger views those shades again,
He once had lov'd upon another plain.
Awhile the welcome sight beguiles his woe,
At once the tears of joy and sorrow flow.
Thus far away along the billowy roar,
Seduc'd unweeting from his native shore,
Where, without guilt, without its blushing sense,
Ingenuous Nature loves with innocence,
The simple savage 'neath a colder sky,
In secret wept his wonted liberty;
Wept his gay isle; wept all its easy joys:
And though awhile delighted with our toys,
Society he found all new and rude,
And oft with sighs reclaim'd his native wood.
Till once reclin'd beneath the bloomy bow'r,
Where, all obedient to imperial pow'r,
Nature collects her vegetable stores,
As Jussieu calls them from her utmost shores;
The artless mourner mark'd with wild surprise
A plant familiar to his infant eyes;
The sudden sight inspires his heavy heart,
He runs, he flies, and all untaught in art,
With tears he clasps it to his beating breast,
And ev'ry sense with joy awhile is blest.
Again his home, his happy home he sees,
With all its simple life, its love and ease;
The fair, the flow'ry banks, where oft he lay,
The cloudless skies that shed incessant day;

Again in thought he stems the headlong flood,
Or fells the raging savage of the wood.
With shade and fruit sells rich bananas crown'd,
His father's cot, which tow'ring groves surround,
Groves which once echoed to his songs of love:
Beneath their shades again he seems to rove;
His melting soul with visions fair expands,
And for a moment hails his native lands.

If any fault can be found with this affecting episode, it is that in the French poem both the language and the versification are somewhat too studied and embellished; blemishes from which, in my opinion, the translation is in a great measure free; for there is an ease, simplicity, and freedom, as well in the tone of its diction, as in the construction of its metre, much better suited to the unadorned and artless pathos of the original anecdote, than would be the most choice and happy elegance.

It is with this delightful episode on the love of country and of home, that the second book of the early copies of "Les Jardins, par M. L'Abbé De Lille," is terminated. In the recently augmented editions it is followed, by

several pages of additional matter; yet I cannot help thinking that the close as it originally stood, and which is introduced with singular grace and propriety, must, from the pleasing and tender impression which it leaves on the mind, have a preference with all readers of taste.

It suggests, indeed, a train of emotions more dear and universally felt, perhaps, than any other which can agitate the human breast, for

> The love of home, plant native of the soul,
> Blooms at the line, nor withers near the pole *,

and is, therefore, admirably adapted to close a

* From "Home; a Poem." Second edition, Edinburgh, 1808; a production which, though unequal in its execution, contains many very beautiful passages on a very interesting subject. It opens with the following pleasing lines:—

> Beloved Clydesdale! Thy green woods are sweet,
> When Spring and Summer, wreathed with May-flowers, meet:
> Sweet are thy swelling hills in light array'd,
> Thy glens, the haunts of solitude and shade,
> Thy streamlets gently murmuring, and the bloom
> Showered on their winding banks; — but sweeter Home.
> Home! — There are pleasures undebased by art,
> Endearments, where deception has no part,
> Treasures that fortune is too poor to give:
> Elsewhere I life endure; in home I truly live.

principal division of a poem, one of whose most valuable characteristics is the pathos of its moral feeling.

(To be continued.)

No. XIV.

Nemusculum "hoc in loco" est opacum, fontes limpidi et gemmei, antra muscosa, prata semper verna, "flores odoriferi," rivi levis et susurrans per saxa discursus, nec non solitudo, et quies Musis amicissima.

CAMDEN.

TURF, flowers, rocks, and water, form the pleasing subjects of the third book of the Gardens of De Lille, which, after a short exordium of rather too mythological a cast, alludes to the first of these constituents of the pleasure-ground, as of British introduction and culture, declaring that previous to our countrymen following, in this respect, the footsteps of free nature, the gardens of the continent were little better than a waste of barren sands, which burnt the foot and tired the aching eye. The acknowledgement is liberal and correct; for the beautiful and soothing repose of the closely mown lawn, forming so delightful a fore-ground,

when gradually, and, as it were, mysteriously losing itself amid the adjoining plantations, may be yet said to flourish best in our happy island. "There are," remarked Sir William Temple long ago, "besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us, that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks, in other countries, very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor indeed is it to be found but in the finest of our soils."

From this praise of the smoothly-shorn lawn, when properly diversified by the intermixture of wood and copse, the author hastens to another mode of producing variety by the aid of flowers, and he invokes the assistance of these beautiful children of nature in the following animated

apostrophe, which appears to have sustained no deterioration by assuming an English garb.

Simples tributs du cœur, vos dons sont chaque jour
Offerts par l'amitié, hazardés par l'amour.
D'embellir la beauté vous obtenez la gloire;
Le laurier vous permet de parer la victoire;
Plus d'un hameau vous donne en priz à la pudeur;
L'autel même où de Dieu repose la grandeur,
Se parfume au printems de vos douces offrandes,
Et la Rèligion sourit à vos guirlandes.
Mais c'est dans nos jardins qu'est votre heureux
séjour.
Filles de la rosée et de l'astre du jour,
Venez donc de nos champs décorer le théâtre.
Chant 3.

Ye simply-charming tributes of the heart!
E'en Friendship deigns your gentle aid to prove,
You weave the fairest gift of trembling Love;
By you adorn'd more brightly Beauty shines,
You 'mid her laurel-wreath, proud Conquest twines,
You at the village feast are oft decreed
To modest maidens as the dearest meed;
To God himself with grateful hearts we bring
The earliest incense of the breathing spring,

And on his altar throw your blushing spoils,
While with your chaplet crown'd Religion smiles;
Haste then, with all your charms our plain adorn,
Ye dewy daughters of the youth of morn.

The locality and disposition, however, of these fragrant gems "with colours dipt in heaven," demand no small portion of taste and judgment; for, as Mason has justly observed,

In the general Landscape's broad expanse
Their little blooms are lost; but there are glades,
Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
The eye would catch their splendour:—

and he then adds,—

His taste will best conceive
Their due arrangement, whose free footsteps, us'd
To forest haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the greensward, but admit fair space
For many a mossy maze to wind between.
So here may Art arrange her flow'ry groups
Irregular:—*

* English Garden, Book iv., l. 179.—l. 194.

and in unison with this judicious advice of his accomplished contemporary, does De Lille teach us to scatter or to group the collected treasures of his Flora, gracefully finishing his precepts with a distinct eulogy on that queen of the garden, the unrivalled rose?

Sans obéir aux lois d'un art capricieux,
Fleurs, parure des champs et délices des yeux,
De vos riches couleurs venez peindre la terre.
Venez; mais n'allez pas dans les buis d'un parterre
Renfermer vos appas tristement relégués.
Que vos heureux trésors soient partout prodigués;
Tantôt de ces tapis émaillez la verdure;
Tantôt de ces sentiers égayez la bordure;
Serpentez en guirlande; entourez ces berceaux;
En méandres brillans courez au bord des eaux,
Ou tapissez ces murs, ou dans cette corbeille
Du choix de vos parfums embarrassez l'abeille.
Que Rapin *, vous suivant dans toutes les saisons,
Décrive tous vos traits, rappelle tous vos noms;

* The author of "Hortorum libri quatuor," a poem first printed at Paris in 1665. It was translated by the celebrated Evelyn, in 1673, and by Mr. James Gardiner of Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1706. The subject of his first book is *flowers*; of his second, *orchards*; of his third, *waters*; and of his fourth, *forests*. He is thus characterized by Mason:

A de si longs détails le dieu du goût s'oppose.
Mais qui peut refuser un hommage à la rose,
La rose, dont Vénus compose ses bosquets,
Le printems sa guirlande, et l'amour ses bouquets.
Qu'Anacreon chanta, qui formoit avec grâce
Dans les jours de festin la couronne d'Horace.
Chant 3.

The version which I am about to give from our anonymous translator is, throughout, a faithful and spirited copy, and, in one or two instances, rises, I think, in its diction and metrical tone, beyond the level of the original. I would particularly point out, as of this description. the seventh and the closing couplets.

Charms of the eye, and graces of the plain,
Ye flow'rs, the vain caprice of art disdain.
Come, paint the ground with all your bloomy pride;
Come, nor your rich allurements seek to hide

The tuneful trifling of the Bard,
Who trick'd a Gothic theme with classic flowers,
And sung of fountains bursting from the shells
Of brazen Tritons, spouting through the jaws
" Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire."
B. iii. l. 366.

Within the sad parterre's disgusting bound;
But let your smiling stores be show'r'd around.
On the green lawn your blushing bloom display,
Or with the path's gay laughing border stray:
Here form your tufts, yon bow'rs around entwine,
Or on the riv'let's bank meand'ring shine;
Hang from those walls, or 'mid yon basket bloom,
Where, tempted by the sweetly-breathed perfume,
Let the bee hesitate, as round he flies,
In what sweet cup to roll his little thighs.
Your monthly change let fond Rapin pursue,
Tell all your names, and paint each varying hue:
Impatient taste abhors details so long;
But to the Rose, who dares refuse a song?
The Rose, with which her arbours Venus wove,
The Spring his garland, and his nosegay, Love;
Anacreon's fav'rite flow'r, the chaplet gay
Of jovial Flaccus on the festal day.

In complete contrast to this light and brilliant scenery, the French bard now makes a sudden transition to one of those features of the wild and picturesque of which the modern art of landscape gardening has so happily availed itself. He calls us to behold, in short, with what striking and admirable effect *rocks*, either

in their insulated or assembled state, may be rendered subservient to the purposes of him who possesses a just taste for the beauties and sublimities of nature. He contemns, however, in the most emphatic manner, all attempts to introduce such a constituent of landscape where it previously existed not, declaring, what experience has almost constantly taught, that the effort is alike presumptuous and abortive; and he then indignantly exclaims, in allusion to this vain mockery of imitating man,

> Loins de ces froids essais q'un vain effort étale,
> Aux champs de Midleton, aux monts de Dovedale,
> Whately, je te suis; viens, j'y monte avec toi.
> Que je m'y sens saisi d'un agréable effroi!
> Tous ces rocs variant leurs gigantesques cimes,
> Vers le ciel élancés, roules dans des abimes,
> L'un par l'autre appuyés, l un sur l'autre étendus,
> Quelquefois dans les airs hardiment suspendus,
> Les uns taillés en tours, en arcades rustiques,
> Quelques-uns à travers leurs noirâtres portiques
> Du ciel dans le lointain laissant percer l'azur,
> Des sources, des ruisseaux le cours brillant et pur,
> Tout rappelle à l'esprit ces magiques retraites,
> Ces romantiques lieux qu'ont chantés les poëtes.
>
> Chant 3.

Far from such cold essays of feeble pow'r,
To Middleton, to Dovedale, let me tow'r;
Whately, with thee I seem to scale the sky;
Tho pleas'd I tremble, as I mount on high.
Lo! here a rock his huge gigantic brow
Enwraps with clouds; deep in th' abyss below.
Another rolls; or cliff on cliff high piled,
Wide o'er each other stretch their horrors wild.
Here boldly o'er the deep-plung'd valley flung,
Their rude arcades and frowning tow'rs are hung:
Or thro' their black and distant aisles, the blue
Æthereal gleams upon th' enchanted view;
Or glitt'ring streamlets play adown the steep,
Or headlong cataracts in thunder sweep.
I view those magic scenes the wilds among,
Which bards of old in holy lays have sung.

The energy of the original is here finely supported, if not surpassed, by the vigorous version of our translator, whose powers are almost immediately afterwards taxed in transferring a picture of a very opposite nature, but to which his colouring is not less successfully adapted. The Abbé is speaking of the variety and pleasing effect produced by clothing the rude and naked rock with lichens, plants, and shrubs,

and by partially shading the more bold and prominent parts with forest foliage; and he then asks,

N'avez-vous pas encor, pour former leur parure,
Des arbustes rampans l'errante chevelure?
J'aime à voir ces rameaux, ces souples rejetons,
Sur leurs arides flancs serpenter en festons.
J'aime à voir leurs fronts nuds, et leurs têtes sauvages
Se coiffer de verdure, et s'entourer d'ombrages.
C'est peu. Parmi ces rocs un vallon précieux,
Un terrein moins ingrat vient-il rire à vos yeux?
Saisissez ce bienfait; deployez à la vue
D'un sol favorisé la richesse imprévue:
C'est un contraste heureux!

Chant 3.

Are there not curling shrubs that gently creep
To hang their tresses on the naked steep?
How close they cling! how gradual they glide!
I love their verdure on its sun-burnt side:
I love the little root that dares to blow
Upon its worn and weather-beaten brow.
And haply too the op'ning rocks between,
I find a small recess, delicious scene!

For soon, I ween, it answers to my care,
And every fruit and every flower is there:
Variety how rich!

Nothing can be more happily chosen, whether its sweetness or simplicity be considered, than the language of this translation, which steals in, like a dream of soothing moon-light, between the gloomy splendor of the preceding, and the still more terrific tinting of the following scene. The Gallic Virgil is asserting that it falls within the aim of the creator of the living landscape, provided he possess a correct taste, not only to smooth and to adorn the harsher aspects of Nature, but occasionally for the highest purposes of picturesque effect, to unveil her features in all their dread array, and to agitate the soul, in fact, with a grateful but a transient terror. With this view he says,

Au bord d'un précipice
D'une simple cabane il pose l'édifice:
Le précipice encore en paroît agrandi.
Tantôt d'un roc à l'autre il jette un pont hardi.
A leur terrible aspect je tremble, et de leur cime
L'imagination me suspend sur l'abime.

Je songe à tous ces bruits du peuple répétés,
De voyageurs perdus, d'amans précipités ;
Vieux récits, qui charmant la foule émerveillée,
Des crédules hameaux abrègent la veillée,
Et que l'effroi du lieu persuade un moment.

Chant 3.

The version of this extract opens with a couplet for which the translator has no exact prototype in the French lines, but it leads gracefully and emphatically to the subject, and the residue of the version is given not only with great fidelity, but with great strength, and power of impression.

The rude impending rock, the darken'd wood,
May "breathe a browner horror on the flood;"
On the cliff's edge the simple cot be seen,
And hang new terrors o'er the broken scene;
Or bold from rock to rock a bridge be cast;
Back from the deep abrupt I shrink aghast!
Or fancy hangs me o'er their frowning brow,
While my soul shudders at the abyss below.
Then creeps into my mind each horrid tale
Of travellers headlong hurl'd, and lovers pale,

By midnight murder dash'd the crags among;
Tales that delight the wonder-loving throng,
And oft abridge the tedious village eve,
Which local dread impels me to believe.

It is seldom, however, that scenery of this terrific cast can be allowed to interrupt that flow of pleasurable emotion which should be the general result of the art of landscape gardening, and the author therefore hastens to conduct us from the crag, the mountain, and the cliff, to the vale which smiles below, and where, through verdure, shade, and flowers, the river pours along its exhilarating treasures. It is thus that the subject of *water*, one of the most important features both of the beautiful and picturesque, is introduced, and occupies, as it deserves to do, the greater part of the third book. The passage which opens on this delightful theme, is fortunately one of those to which due effect has been given by the magic colouring of the translator; praise of no mean moment when the merit and high finish of the original picture are duly considered:

O rochers ! ouvrez-moi vos sources souterraines,
Et vous, fleuves, ruisseaux, beaux lacs, claires fontaines,
Venez, portez par-tout la vie et la fraîcheur.
Ah ! qui peut remplacer votre aspect enchanteur ?
De près il nous amuse, et de loin nous invite ;
C'est le premier qu'on cherche, et le dernier qu'on quitte.
Vous fécondez les champs ; vous répétez les cieux ;
Vous enchantez l'oreille et vous charmez les yeux.
Venez : puissent mes vers, en suivant votre course,
Couler plus abondans encor que votre source,
Plus légers que les vents qui courbent vos roseaux,
Doux comme votre bruit, et purs comme vos eaux !
Et vous qui dirigez ces ondes bienfaitrices,
Respectez leurs penchans et même leurs caprices.
Dans la facilité de ses libres detours,
Voyez l'eau de ses bords embrasser les contours.
De quel droit osez-vous, captivant sa souplesse,
De ses plis sinueux contraindre la mollesse ?
Que lui fait tout le marbre où vous l'emprisonnez ?
Voyez-vous, les cheveux aux vents abandonnés ?
Sans gêne, sans apprêt, sans parure étrangère,
Marcher, courir, bondir la folâtre bergère ?
Sa grâce est dans l'aisance et dans la liberté !
Mais au fond d'un sérail contemplez la beauté ;

En vain elle éblouit, vainement elle étale
De ses atours captifs la pompe orientale;
Je ne sais quoi de triste, empreint dans tous ses traits,
Décéle la contrainte et flétrit ses attraits.

Chant 3.

Ye rocks, unlock your subterranean cells;
Ye rivers, brooks, fair lakes, and limpid wells,
Give life, give verdure, as along you stray;
No other beauties could your loss repay.
When near you please, from far your charms invite,
With joy we seek, with sorrow quit your sight;
You fertilize the plains, reflect the skies,
Charm the rapt ear, and fix th' enchanted eyes.
Come, let my lay your warbling course pursue,
And flow in rich luxuriance like you;
Light as the gales that sport your banks along,
Clear as your stream, and gentle as your song.
You, then, who wish the fertile waves to guide,
Give, as it lists, their wild caprice to glide.
Behold yon stream the jutting shore embrace,
As round it wanders in a gentle maze.
Say, with what right you dare in bounds restrain
The winding softness of its gliding train?
See, unconfined, in simplest garb array'd,
Run, bound, exult along, the village maid!

While to each gale loose streams her flowing hair,
What liberty, what ease in every air!
And now to yon seraglio turn your eyes;
See there how sad imprison'd beauty lies!
Her charms in vain in all the glowing blaze
Of Eastern pomp the pining slave arrays;
A secret sorrow casts its sullen shades;
The captive droops, and each fair feature fades.

In this, and several other parts of the remainder of the third book, one or two of which I shall shortly have occasion to bring forward, De Lille appears to have studied with the happiest effect, many of the admirable and minutely descriptive sketches of Whately. It is evident, indeed, from a passage lately quoted, that the picture of Dovedale, as drawn by that elegant writer, had been strongly impressed on his mind, and it is one which describes with almost graphic minuteness, the varying beauties of the stream to which that romantic valley owes its name. The Dove, he remarks, "is transparent to the bottom, except when it is covered with foam of the purest white, under falls which are perfectly lucid. These are numerous, but very different: in some places they stretch straight

across, or aslant, the stream; in others, they are only partial, and the water either dashes against the stones, and leaps over them, or, pouring along a steep, rebounds upon those below: sometimes it rushes through the several openings between them, and at other times it is driven back by the obstruction, and turns into an eddy. In one particular spot, the valley, almost closing, leaves hardly a passage for the river, which, pent up, and struggling for vent, rages, and roars, and foams, till it has extricated itself from confinement. In other parts, the stream, though never languid, is often gentle, flows round a little desert island, glides between aits of bulrushes, disperses itself among tufts of grass and of moss, bubbles about a water-dock, or plays with the slender threads of aquatic plants which float upon the surface." *

The poet of the Gardens, however, though he gives a justly marked preference to the freedom, diversity, and beautiful caprice of Nature in the disposition of her streams and falls of water, is not averse when necessary to call upon Art in the formation of the fountain or cascade,

* Whately's Observations on Modern Gardening, p. 114.

provided her assistance be in perfect subordination to the character of the scene, and consequently to the dictates of correct taste. It is then that

Le gazon est plus verd, l'air plus frais ; des oiseaux
Le chant s'anime au bruit de la chute des eaux,
Et les bois inclinant leurs têtes arrosées,
Semblent s'épanouir à ces douces rosées.
Plus simple, plus champêtre, et non moins belle aux yeux,
La cascade ornera de plus sauvages lieux.
De près est admirée et de loin entendue
Cette eau toujours tombante et toujours suspendue ;
Variée, imposante, elle anime à la fois
Les rochers, et la terre, et les eaux, et les bois.

Chant 3.

Gales o'er the lawn a fresher odour fling,
And falling fountains wake the birds to sing ;
The waving woods their dewy branches bow,
And with soft showers embalm'd, the blossoms blow.
With charms more simply wild, the rude cascade
May grace some savage wood's romantic glade.
Admir'd when near, far-heard in murmurs deep,
Still rolling on, still hanging from the steep ;

Various, and bold, it animates the woods,
The rugged rocks, the shore, and sleeping floods.

Almost immediately subsequent to this passage, which is translated with an equal degree of fidelity and spirit, the author bursts forth into a truly graceful and animated address to the ever-powerful, ever-varying influence of the stream, the river, and the torrent, whether viewed as constituents of the beautiful and picturesque, either of nature or of art.

Tableaux toujours puissans ! Eh ! qui n'a pas de l'onde
Eprouvé sur son cœur l'impression profonde ?
Toujours, soit qu'un courant vif et précipité
Sur des cailloux bondisse avec agilité,
Soit que sur le limon une rivière lente
Dèroule en paix les plis de son onde indolente ;
Soit qu'à travers les rocs un torrent en courroux
Se brise avec fracas ; triste ou gai, vif ou doux,
Leur cours excite, appaise, ou menace, ou caresse.
De Vénus, nous dit-on, l'écharpe enchanteresse
Renfermoit les amours, et les tendres désirs,
Et la joie, et l'espoir, précurseur des plaisirs.
Les eaux sont ta ceinture, ô divine Cybèle !
Non moins impérieuse elle renferme en elle

La gaieté, la tristesse, et le trouble et l'effroi.
Eh ! qui l'a mieux connu, l'a mieux senti que moi ?
Souvent, je m'en souviens, lorsque les chagrins sombres
Que de la nuit encore avoient noircis les ombres,
Accabloient ma pensée et flétrissoient mes sens,
Si d'un ruisseau voisin j'entendois les accens,
J'allois, je visitois ses consolantes ondes.
Le murmure, le frais de ses eaux vagabondes
Suspendoient mes chagrins, endormoient ma douleur. —
Tel est, cher Watelet *, mon cœur me le rappelle,
Tel est le simple asile où, suspendant son cours,
Pure comme tes mœurs, libre comme tes jours,
En canaux ombragés la Seine se partage,
Et visite en secret la retraite d'un sage. —
Et vous, fleuve charmant, vous, bois délicieux,
Si j'ai peint vos beautés, si dès mon premier âge
Je me plus à chanter les prés, l'onde et l'ombrage,
Beaux lieux, offrez long-tems à votre possesseur
L'image de la paix qui règne dans son cœur.

Chant 3.

* Claude Henri Watelet was the author of an elegant "Essai sur les Jardins," and had a seat called *Le Moulin joli*, near Paris, where he formed an English garden, which occupied about four acres.

To naturalise these tenderly pleasing lines without losing anything of their effect, must be deemed an undertaking of no very easy achievement; yet it is one which I am gratified in being able to remark, has been executed with singular success by our anonymous translator, who appears never so much at home as on subjects whose interest turns on the delightful association of pensive thought and moral feeling

Dear soul-subduing scenes! with power confest
To wake the dullest, warm the coldest breast!
Whether the lively-bounding streamlets play,
And o'er the pebbles roll their murm'ring way;
Or slumb'ring o'er the sands in slow repose,
The winding river indolently flows;
Or the mad torrent hurls with thund'ring shock
Its raging billows o'er the bursting rock.
Mournful or gay, the streams disturb'd or smooth,
Still rouse, appease, threat loud, or gently sooth.
The Queen of Love, so poets sung of yore,
Around her waist a magic cestus wore;
Joy's gentle herald, Hope, the circle bound,
Desire, and Love, and Bliss, embraced it round.
Nor lesser glories, Cybele divine,
Amid thy wide and watry girdle shine;

Sadness and joy, dismay and terror there,
In ever-varying sounds and shapes appear.
And who than I have felt, have known them more?
Oft I remember, when the sullen pow'r
Of spleen, that darkens e'en the gloom of night,
Shrouded each thought, and blasted each delight;
If on my list'ning ears its murmurs stole,
I sought the brook to sooth my anguish'd soul,
The warbling coolness of the rippling tide
Lull'd ev'ry grief, and bade each pang subside:—
Such, O my Whatelet! is the lovely scene,
Where sleep the waters of the parting Seine;
I see the gently-flowing stream appear,
Free as thy life, and as thy manners clear;
In shady channels, lo, the waves divide,
And to a Sage's bow'r in secret glide!—
And thou, clear stream! and you, delicious woods!
If since my earliest years I've loved to pay
To meads, to groves, and streams, my rural lay;
Still to your gentle master's eyes impart
The image of that peace, which rules his heart.

It is, perhaps, worthy of observation, that the attachment which the French bard professes for the nymphs of flood and stream, should not only have been felt with an equal degree of intensity by his celebrated contemporary, the

poet of the English Garden, but should have drawn forth simultaneously, there is reason to believe, from his pen, a somewhat similar attestation of devotion to the same enchanting sisterhood. The partiality of Mason, however, is expressed with more particularity; he has been describing the course of a murmuring rill,

Whose song doth plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
As doth the widow'd ring-dove:

and he then exclaims, in a strain of deep enthusiasm, and in reference to the puny efforts of art,

Take, vain Pomp!
Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades;
Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft
Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock
A Naiad dwells: LINCIA is her name; *

* "The name of this Naiad," says the author, "is formed from a little clear trout-stream, called the Lin, at Papplewick, in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Frederick Montagu, Esq. The village itself which is situated on the edge of the forest of Sherwood, has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Jonson having taken some of his *Dramatis Personæ* from it in his unfinished Pastoral, called *The Sad Shepherd.*"

And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
That only gives locality and form
To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
Unborrow'd. There, by the wild goddess led,
Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
Chaunting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean locks
With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
To these, or classic deities like these,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
To his, and Ocean's tritons: thence full soon
My youth retired, and left the busy strand
To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,*
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
Was next my tranquil station: Science there
Sat musing; and to those that lov'd the lore

* "St. John's College in Cambridge, founded by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh."

Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involved
In geometric symbols, scorning those,
Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless muse.
Here, though in warbling whisper oft I breathed
The lay, were wanting, what young fancy deems
The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
And huddling brooks, and torrent falls divine.
In quest of these, at Summer's vacant hour,
Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northern vale,
So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found
Robb'd of her silver vase; I soothed the nymph
With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend
Who stole the gift of Thetis. * Hence the cause
Why, favour'd by the blue-eyed sisterhood,
They sooth with songs my solitary ear.

English Garden, Book iii.

The Abbé now enters upon the various methods which may be adopted for the purpose of giving additional interest to the rill, the river, and the lake, by the means of plantations, islands, rocks, and embankments, and by the motion of vessels and aquatic birds; and he then adverts to the peculiar happiness of having

* "Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph which the author wrote a year or two after his admission into the university See his *Poems*, Ode 2."

some tale of the times of old, some legend of fame, or love, or glory, so associated with the scene as may endear, and consecrate its springs and streams to every distant age. This latter topic opens to our view a most fascinating field of illustration, from whose treasures the French bard has, with equal taste and judgment, selected an instance in the highest degree appropriate to his subject, — the retreat of Petrarch to the fountain and solitude of Valclusa, and with which he concludes the third book of the early editions of his poem.

" Towards the coast of the Mediterranean," says the biographer of Petrarch, " and on a plain beautiful as the Vale of Tempe, you discover a little valley enclosed by a barrier of rocks in the form of a horse-shoe. The rocks are high, bold, and grotesque, and the valley is divided by a river, along the banks of which are extended meadows and pastures of a perpetual verdure. A path, which is on the left side of the river, leads in gentle windings to the head of this vast amphitheatre: there, at the foot of an enormous rock, and directly in front, you behold a prodigious cavern hollowed out by the

hand of nature; and in this cavern arises a spring as celebrated as that of Helicon." *

To this lonely but romantic recess, where he purchased the cottage of a fisherman, did Petrarch retire, with the hope of mitigating in solitude the fervour of his passion for Laura. In the attainment of this effect, however, he utterly failed, for seclusion served but to fix his thoughts more intensely on the object beloved. "Here," he exclaims, in one of his letters, "the fire which consumed me having its free course, the valleys, and even the air itself, resounded with my complaints. It was in that time, that I composed those juvenile verses, which, being written in the warmth of my heart, are most grateful to those who are in a similar state of mind." †

In this beautiful retreat Petrarch passed several years before he again ventured to resume his connection with the busy world; and when death had deprived him of his Laura, an event

* Mém. pour servir à la Vie de Petrarche, par l Abbé de Sades, 3 tom. 4to.

† Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch, 8vo. 1784, p. 11.

which so far from diminishing his passion, seemed only to add fresh energy to it for the residue of his life, and he survived her not less than twenty-six years, to the same solitude he again returned, where as he tells us in a strain of unaffected contrition, "the veil which covered his eyes being now removed, and the chain broken which bound him to life, he dedicated his time to the exercise of those studies, which best could prepare him for a future and happier existence."*

There is every reason, however, to think that in the episode I am about to quote, De Lille is mistaken in supposing that Laura ever visited Vaucluse. "It was to fly from the too fascinating influenee of a cold and unrelenting mistress," that Petrarch sought its shades, and though it doubtless often echoed to the name of Laura, it does not appoar from any intimation in the writings of her lover, that she condescended to grace it with her presence. In a poetical point of view, however, this is of little consequence; let us turn, therefore, our attention to the commemorating lines of the bard.

* Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch, p. 29.

Toi surtout, toi Vaucluse,
Vaucluse, heureux séjour, que sans enchantement
Ne peut voir nul poète, et surtout nul amant ?
Dans ce cercle de monts, qui, recourbant leur chaine,
Nourrissent de leurs eaux ta source souterraine,
Sous la roche voûtée, antre mysterieux,
Où ta Nymphe, échappant aux regards curieux,
Dans un gouffre sans fond cache sa source obscure;
Combien j'aimois à voir ton eau, qui, toujours pure.
Tantôt dans son bassin renferme ses trésors,
Tantôt en bouillonnant s'élève, et de ses bords
Versant parmi des rocs ses vagues blanchissantes,
De cascade en cascade au loin rejaillissantes,
Tombe et roule à grand bruit; puis, calmant son courroux,
Sur un lit plus égal répand des flots plus doux,
Et sous un ciel d'azur coule, arrose et féconde
Le plus riant vallon qu'éclaire l'œil du monde!
Mais ces eaux, ce beau ciel, ce vallon enchanteur,
Moins que Pétrarque et Laure intéressoient mon cœur.
La voilà donc, disois-je, oui, voilà cette rive
Que Pétrarque charmoit de sa lyre plaintive!
Ici Pétrarque à Laure exprimant son amour,
Voyoit naître trop tard, mourir trop tôt le jour.—

Une grotte écartée avoit frappé mes yeux;
Grotte sombre, dis-moi si tu les vis heureux,
M'écriois-je!

Chant 3.

O say, what bard, what lover e'er could rove,
Nor feel a rapture 'mid Valclusa's grove?
Deep 'midst the circling hills that hang around,
And hide its source within their dark profound;
Thro' vaulted caves the brook mysterious steals,
And from each eye profane its course conceals.
I love to view the limpid current glide,
And in the black abyss its waters hide!
Here in a bason calm the stream is spread,
And there it thunders o'er a rocky bed;
Against the cliffs it hurls its whit'ning waves,
And down from steep to steep it foams and raves,
Till its wild torrent gains the plain below,
And calms its rage, and plays in milder flow;
Reflecting fair the azure vaulted skies,
In twenty dimpling channels swift it flies,
Wat'ring, as on they wind their mazy folds,
The fairest valley that the sun beholds.
Yet nor that sky, those streams, that lovely vale,
Enchant my soul so much as Petrarch's tale.
Those banks, I cry'd, have heard the bard complain,
While to the gale he pour'd his plaintive strain.

There, while his Laura listen'd to his lay,
He wish'd the west'ring sun awhile to stay:
Or mourn'd her absence thro' the long, long night,
And strain'd his eye to view the dawning light. —
A distant shaded grot attracts my eye;
Saw you their raptures, gloomy cave? I cry.

The extracts which this third book of the Gardens of De Lille has furnished for my readers, must, I should conceive, have placed before them the abilities of the translator for the task he undertook, in a very favourable point of view. They will, therefore, it is probable, regret with me, when they reach the close of this book as given in the latest editions of the poem, that the beautiful, and enthusiastically-written, eulogium on the taste and genius of Pope, (as displayed as well in landscape gardening as in poetry), and which now terminates this portion of the work, should not have fallen beneath the notice of our anonymous bard. It is, of all the additions which the Abbé made to the first draught of his poem, the one perhaps most interesting, especially to an English ear, and would, no doubt, have been finished with

the happiest industry of the translator. Enough, however, ere I close my quotations will be given to establish, I trust, the truth of the assertion with which these papers set out; namely, the great occasional felicity of this early and almost forgotten version of Les Jardins, par M. l'Abbé De Lille.

(*To be continued.*)

No. XV.

A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds. SHAKSPEARE.

IT was late before Shakspeare reached the Hall; for his mind had been so much absorbed by reflections on what had passed between himself and Hubert Gray, that he had become utterly unconscious of the very slow pace by which he was proceeding homewards. He felt rather surprised, therefore, on finding that Montchensey and his daughter had been anxiously awaiting his return, and, after apologising for his inadvertency, and pleading the beauties of the scenery, and the singular fineness of the evening, as his excuse, and sustaining some raillery on the occasion, which he replied to

with his usual spirit and good humour, he retired, somewhat fatigued, to his chamber.

The same meditations, however, which had accompanied his homeward walk, pursued him to his couch, and even when he had dropped into sleep, a similar association of ideas was present to his imagination. He conceived himself pleading before his sovereign for the life of Hubert, and when, as he believed, he had just obtained the gracious boon he sought, he beheld him the next moment, with the common inconsistency of dreams, hurried to a place of execution. He awoke in a state of perturbation and alarm, and rising in his bed to look around him, for the moon, struggling through a heated and somewhat hazy atmosphere, shed a faint and sickly light into the room, he thought he heard a slight jarring noise, and presently a low and indistinct moaning very near that part of the chamber which he occupied. Concluding these, however, to be merely the result of the confused state of intellect in which his dream had left him, he tried to recompose himself to rest; but a repetition of the same sounds, followed by a deep and heavy-drawn sigh, brought a speedy

conviction of their reality. The recollection of what his servant had told him on the first night of their arrival, concerning this room, and the neighbouring apartments, now came into his mind, and, springing from the bed, and wrapping his night-gown around him, he stood listening for some minutes with an almost breathless interest and curiosity. Presently he again heard the same jarring noise which had at first awakened him; it seemed to issue from a spot on one side of, and not far from the head of his bed, and sounded like the effort made to open a door whose hinges had been long unused to their office. Scarcely, however, had his attention been turned in this direction, before he saw that part of the arras whence the noise had proceeded, strongly illumined from behind, and in an instant after, to his utter astonishment, he beheld it slowly lifted up, and there stood before him a female figure with a lighted taper in her hand. There was a glare and fixedness of expression in her eyes, which were wide open, that immediately suggested to Shakspeare the persuasion that she was walking in her sleep. He remained therefore motionless and watching the

event, whilst the object of his now almost painful anxiety, dropping gently the tapestry behind her, advanced into the room. She appeared to be of middle age, her person tall and finely formed, and her features beautiful, but stamped with an air of settled melancholy. She had closely folded round her a robe of the deepest black; her hair, long and golden in its tint, hung wild and disheveled on her neck and shoulders, whilst the pearly whiteness of her complexion, approaching almost to a death-like hue, formed a striking contrast with the character of her dress.

Having reached the foot of the bed, she paused for a few moments, and then cautiously withdrawing the curtains, she held up the light. There was at this instant a wildness in her countenance that assumed the appearance of insanity, mingled, at the same time, with traces of the deepest anguish. She sighed heavily and repeatedly, and then, reclosing the curtains, she looked around her with a seeming emotion of surprise and disappointment. A shuddering, as if from fear or terror, in a moment after agitated her frame, and returning with a rapid step to

that part of the room where she had entered, she again raised the arras, and disappeared.

Shakspeare, who during this singular scene had remained apparently unnoticed, and indeed almost rivetted to the spot with astonishment, now determined, the moment after his extraordinary visitor had left him, to pursue her footsteps, anxious not only to ascertain who she was, and whence she came, but apprehensive also of danger either to herself or to what was around her from the light she carried; yet he was greatly relieved by perceiving that with the fortunate peculiarity of those who walk in their sleep, and who see and recollect objects once familiar with a morbid distinctness and vividity, she carefully avoided every thing with her taper that was likely to suffer injury from fire.

Scarcely then had the tapestry returned to its place, ere it was again uplifted by our poet, who found himself in a large and lofty chamber, just time enough to perceive as he entered it, by the gleaming of her taper, his late visitant quitting it by a door at the opposite extremity. He pursued with quick and noiseless stealth, and followed into a gallery of considerable extent,

hung on both sides, as far as he could judge from the scanty light which preceded him, and the partial glimpses of the moon through its numerous windows, with a series of family portraits.

It was here that the object of his anxious pursuit began to slacken in the speed with which she had hitherto retired; and, as soon as she had reached the centre of the gallery, she stopped, holding up her taper so as to throw its full illumination on a large picture, which Shakspeare, who had cautiously stolen behind her through the shade, immediately recognised as a portrait of his friend Eustace Montchensey.

The agitation with which she seemed to contemplate this resemblance of his kind host, and which was indeed a strong and faithful likeness, instantly brought to the recollection of Shakspeare the information which he had received from Roland as to the existence of the wife of his friend; she was "amiable but unhappy," he had said, and he could not but believe that the being thus described was now before him. A very few moments, indeed, sufficed to place the matter beyond all doubt, for she soon began to

give utterance to the feelings which were kindling in her bosom; and conceiving herself again present at a scene which the picture before her had reproduced with all the strength and vividity of reality, she knelt down as if imploring mercy, calling out in extreme agony of mind, as she fixed her eyes upon the portrait, "Montchensey, O my husband, spare, spare my beloved brother, O spare the life of Raymond Neville! — He bleeds! he dies!" and she uttered a faint shriek, throwing herself, as she imagined, on the body of her murdered brother. In a few minutes, however, she again arose: "Hush! hush!" she exclaimed, in a whispering tone of voice, "tell them not where I have buried him! the moon sleeps sweetly there, and the flowers shed perfume on his grave; we will go and pray beside him!" Then, after a momentary pause, she added, gliding softly and quickly over the floor as she spoke, "Come, come, let us go; the nightingale is gone before us, and shall sing us to our rest!" and immediately passing through a door that stood open at the further end of the gallery, and

which, either by accident or design, closed instantly upon her, she was seen no more.

The faculty indeed of pursuit was no longer in the possession of our poet; for he stood thunderstruck, as it were, by the discovery that, in the person of the wife of Montchensey, he beheld the sister of his friend! The marriage had, in fact, taken place at a period when Raymond Neville, being deeply involved in the vortex of political tumult in Ireland, where his incautious conduct had given rise to accusations of disloyalty which, though unfounded, he could not satisfactorily disprove, all communication between himself and Shakspeare had been, from the disturbed state of the sister-kingdom, entirely cut off; and as he was obliged to fly to the continent, the result of his unfortunate machinations, soon after, the latter had possessed no opportunity of acquiring any subsequent knowledge of his family or connections; indeed, for the last eighteen years, he had heard from Neville himself but once, and previous to the singular occurrence of this night, knew not, in fact, that either he or his sister remained in existence.

His surprise, therefore, and horror of mind, at this very sudden and awful recognition, may be more readily imagined than described; for it was not until the moment when she pronounced the name of Raymond Neville, that he had any recollection of her person; so much had time, together with the pressure of misfortune and grief, preyed upon and changed the expression of her features. To have found her also at the same moment, not only the wife of his friend, but that friend, as would appear from what had just escaped her lips, the sole author of her distress, and the meditator, if not the perpetrator, of a deed of violence which had driven her to distraction, were further discoveries of so unexpected and overwhelming a description, that it was some time before he could sufficiently recover from the shock to be able to retire to his apartment.

Here, no sooner had he thrown himself upon his bed, than a multitude of painful reflections crowded upon him. Well might Montchensey, he thought, be the melancholy and abstracted being he occasionally appeared; for, assuredly, had he felt nothing to reproach himself with in

relation to his wife, he had long ago heard, either from his own mouth, or that of his daughter, some mention at least of her existence, if not of her history and sorrows; nor would concealment, as was evidently practised with regard to a part of the household, have been necessary. And what too had become of his friend Neville? Had he perished in a land of strangers, or was he, as he had some slight reason to hope, still living? And how striking, he then recollected, how extraordinary was the resemblance which the youth called Hubert Gray, bore to this unhappy exile; and, above all, how strange, how mysteriously strange, that, during his late slumbers, occupied, as they were, by what intimately concerned the fate and fortunes of Hubert Gray, he should be visited by the very being who might possibly not only be nearly related to him, but might prove essentially instrumental, should Raymond Neville be still living, in developing what he now felt to be singularly near his heart, the origin and, as as he thence hoped, the happiness of this unfortunate but interesting young man.

It was evident, however, that even could his

surmises be proved true with regard to the birth of Hubert, the peace of all parties would greatly depend upon what had been the conduct of Montchensey, and especially upon what had been the origin and final issue of his contest with Neville. He came, therefore to the determination of seeking, in the first instance, an explanation from Montchensey himself, of what had this night occurred; and, afterwards, should the account be satisfactory, of immediately revisiting the cottage of Simon Fraser, from whom he might then hope to learn what would throw still further light on this mysterious subject.

As soon, therefore, as the family had arisen, Shakspeare requested an interview with his friend in the library, and, after a few preparatory observations, related to him, though in the most delicate and guarded manner, the circumstances of the preceding night.

The astonishment and the distress of Montchensey on hearing these particulars, were, as may naturally be supposed, in the extreme; and it was, in truth, some time before he was sufficiently master of himself to reply. At length, after an arduous struggle, in which the

strongest passions of the mind seemed to chase each other in his agitated features with the rapidity almost of lightning, he faintly uttered: "A merciful Providence has then graciously effected that for me which I have long been vainly endeavouring to do for myself—to open to you a subject whose fatal influence bows me to the earth, which has wrecked my peace of mind, and is hurrying me, a victim of anguish and remorse, to the brink of the grave. Yes, my friend, the poor sufferer whom you saw last night, and who has once again, I find, escaped the vigilance of her attendants, is the wife of Eustace Montchensey! It is now twenty years since our marriage took place; at that time Bertha Neville, whom I had first met at the house of a relation of my own in Westmoreland, was one of the most beautiful young women I had ever beheld; nor was she less amiable and accomplished than beautiful; but, unfortunately, her heart had been attached by one who proved himself totally unworthy of her; and though the connection had been broken off, on the part of her guardians, nearly a twelvemonth before I saw her; for her parents had been dead some

years, it was evident she had not ceased to suffer from the effects of this early and first impression. The disappointment, however, had, in my estimation, served rather to heighten than diminish her attractions, for it had thrown over her whole person and manner, an air of tender and subdued melancholy, which irresistibly made its way to the heart. I hesitated not, therefore, to push my suit with all the hope and ardour incident to my age, for I was then but five and twenty; and being supported by her friends, who not only wished to see the previous impression removed, but highly approved my character and rank in life, I, at length succeeded in obtaining from Bertha a somewhat reluctant consent, trusting that time, and the assiduities of affection, would accomplish for me all that was wanting to perfect my felicity.

"Most unhappily for us both, her brother, whom I had never seen, and who was the only near relative that death had spared her, was then absent in Ireland, plunged in difficulties which his own impetuosity had, in a great measure, occasioned; and who, having lately lost his wife, had the stings of domestic sorrow

added to those which political defamation had unsparingly inflicted. He had added his approval, however, to that of the guardians of my Bertha; and, a very short time after this, saw us united and fixed at Wyeburne Hall.

"Here, however, the prospect which, in the fervour of youthful passion and a heated imagination, I had fondly hoped to realise, faded gradually from my view. Not that I had any reason to blame the conduct or the kindness of Bertha; she was all that she had promised to be, — all that a bruised heart, whose secrets she had lain before me with the most guileless simplicity, would allow her to be. It was to my own impatience in not allowing time for the wound to heal, to my own madness and credulity in listening to suggestions which I ought instantly to have abhorred and despised, that the misery and remorse I now feel is to be attributed.

"But let me be brief in giving this melancholy detail; it was, in fact. very shortly after the birth of Helen, and when little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed since our union, that I began to receive anonymous letters, intimat-

ing that my wife was still attached to her first admirer, and that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, she not only kept up a correspondence with this youth, but occasionally had interviews with him in the neighbourhood of the Hall. You will scarcely, perhaps, credit my weakness when I tell you, that though at first I despised these calumnies, which I have since found to have originated with the very wretch himself whose overtures had been rejected, and for the very purpose of effecting the misery which has resulted, yet the repetition gradually and almost insensibly worked upon my mind, occasioning a mixture of doubt and jealousy, that ultimately led to a system of espionnage on my part, of which I cannot now think without the most hearty abhorrence of its meanness and folly.

"The punishment, however, which followed, has been such as may possibly atone, not only for this injury, but for the dreadful, though in some degree unconscious crime into which it plunged me. Yes, my friend, you may well start, for I have to unfold to you what has stained Eustace Montchensey with the heavy

guilt of blood! — Not many months had passed from the period when these infamous reports first reached me, when, on my unexpected return rather late, one summer's evening, from a somewhat distant excursion, I was informed that Bertha had been absent some time; that she had gone out unattended, and had been traced to a remote plantation, on the verge of which she was seen to meet a man closely muffled up; and that they entered it immediately together. Shocked and enraged by this information, which seemed to corroborate all that had been previously insinuated by my unknown correspondent, I instantly seized my rapier, and hastened to the spot described. And here, after cautiously winding my way for some minutes towards the interior of the grove, I discovered the individuals I was in search of. It was a sight which, as you may suppose from the state of mind I was then in, wrought upon my soul even to phrenzy. They appeared to be taking leave of each other: a ray of the setting sun shone full on the face of Bertha, and I could perceive she had been weeping, but the features of the youth were turned from

me. Imagine my feelings as I heard the farewell of affection trembling on their lips, and when I beheld them the next moment locked in each other's embraces. I rushed forward in a paroxysm of fury; a piercing shriek escaped from Bertha, and, calling upon the villain, as I then thought him, to defend himself, I buried my sword, after a sharp but nearly momentary contest, in his bosom.

"It was then that, forgetting for a while the fever of revenge, which had only but the instant before boiled in my veins, I could not but look with horror, and a feeling of remorse, on what I had been led to inflict. Bertha, whom I had loved with the most impassioned fondness, lay stretched before me, apparently lifeless; and my antagonist, speechless and convulsed with pain, seemed to be bleeding to death. My first effort, as soon as I could shake off the paralysing effect of such a spectacle, was, inconsistent as it may appear, to staunch the blood which I had thirsted but the moment before to spill; and then, taking up Bertha in my arms, I brought her safely hither, with the assistance of some peasants, whom I

fortunately met with on the way. She had shown some symptoms of returning life during the act of conveyance; and very soon after she reached home, and had been placed on her bed, her senses, and with them the faculty of speech, were restored. But, good God! what was my astonishment, what my feelings, when I heard her call upon Raymond Neville, upon her brother, as the man whom I had wounded, whom I had, in all probability, slain! For a few moments I stood rivetted to the spot, unable either to speak or move, a spectacle of horror and despair! But no sooner did I recover from the shock, than recollecting the state in which I had left the unhappy victim of my rage, I uttered a loud cry, and rushing out of the room, called upon my servants to follow me. We hastened to the spot; but judge of my amazement, when no traces of the body, save the blood which had been spilt, could be found! I knew it to be impossible that Neville, on the supposition that Nature had again rallied, could, from the loss he had sustained, and its consequent weakness, have himself arisen. Who,

then, had conveyed the body away? and whither had it been carried?

"In this state of uncertainty, and almost of distraction, with the weight of innocent blood upon my soul, (for I had little doubt then, and have still less now, of the fatal issue of the contest,) I returned to Wycburne Hall, to witness the sufferings, and what was to me, if possible, a still more intense degree of punishment, the silent reproaches of my injured wife.

"The disappearance, indeed, of the body, and with it, of course, all means of positively ascertaining what had been the final fate of her brother, augmented, to a dreadful degree, the distress of Bertha. Though void of hope myself, I tried, by every effort in my power, to excite a belief in her bosom that he had been succoured in time to save his life; but the endeavour was in vain; and, after the first paroxysms of grief had subsided, she gradually sank into a state of profound melancholy and abstraction, amounting, in short, at times, to partial derangement, and from which she has never since, at least for any length of time, recovered.

"You may picture to yourself, my friend, the never-ceasing affliction into which this situation of my domestic affairs has continued to plunge me. There was a period, indeed, when I had flattered myself that Bertha might have been restored, if not to happiness, at least to peace of mind, to such a degree had she regained her wonted composure; but the loss of her two sons, whom she had borne me during the earlier years of her affliction, seemed to reintroduce all her former trains of sorrow; and latterly she has lived altogether apart from the family, in a suite of rooms appropriated solely to her use, and which are situated over the very gallery into which she had last night, I apprehend, wandered during her sleep. Here, perfectly secluded, with the exception of one old servant, from the rest of the household, who have been purposely taught to look upon these apartments with a superstitious dread, she is attended by a lady whose time is exclusively devoted to her service, and with whom she occasionally walks in an adjoining garden, entirely set apart for her use; and my daughter also spends part of every day in her society. It has

been, in truth, a task of painful necessity to me to keep the mother and daughter sufficiently separate, so strongly are they attached to each other; but both the health and spirits of Helen had suffered so much by the unrestrained intercourse, that I thought it my duty to interfere. Indeed, a similar effect, though in a far higher degree, has, I am conscious, been produced on my own mind and constitution from the like cause; for I have long felt, as the consequence, perhaps, of great nervous irritability, a peculiar proneness to superstitious terror."

As Montchensey said this, a shivering indicative of horror seemed to pass over his frame, and his eye assumed a wild and somewhat alarmed cast of expression. In a moment or two, however, recovering from this sudden abstraction, he added, "I am almost ashamed to confess, that to such lengths has this tendency sometimes hurried my imagination, that I have often fancied that there exists in the mind of my poor Bertha a mysterious pre-intimation of misfortune, when about to occur either to herself or to some part of her family; and that this has

been unequivocally shown at the time, by a more than usually perturbed state of her mind, producing the very phenomenon which you witnessed last night. Twice did she thus walk in her sleep a short time before the death of her two sons, and, in both instances, immediately previous to the attack which carried them off. Can you wonder, therefore, that I should view with awful forebodings the recurrence of an event which has thus been the herald of disaster? for should I be deprived of my beloved Helen, what on earth remains for me?"

"Calm your apprehensions, my friend," replied Shakspeare, "nor suffer these fearful anticipations to unman you. Much, I confess, of what is extraordinary, much of what is scarcely dreamt of in our philosophy, appears to have determined the events of last night; but, since I have listened to your narrative, I am persuaded they are meant for good and not for evil. One disclosure, at least, of the very first importance to your peace of mind, they will assuredly lead to; for, owing to the conversation we have just held, I now hasten to inform you, and I do it with the most unfeigned pleasure,

that Raymond Neville most certainly did not die from the consequences of your rencounter."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Montchensey, with a mixed emotion of rapture and astonishment, "is it possible! where, when, how did you gain this intelligence? Are you certain of the fact?"

"I have it from the best of all authorities," returned the bard, "from a letter written to me by Raymond Neville himself, a twelvemonth subsequent to the date of your disastrous meeting."

"What a weight of oppression, what a load of misery," rejoined Montchensey, "have you at once removed from my soul! Oh, let me fly to communicate this joyful intelligence to Bertha!"

"Stay, my friend," interrupted Shakspeare, alarmed at the proposal, "suffer me, I beseech you, to be the communicator of this news. Nothing but the most cautious and indirect mode of conveying it can be safe; or we shall otherwise destroy what the pressure of misfortune has spared us. Pardon the interference, but all is at stake, and I dare not trust your feelings!"

"I submit to your better judgment, my kind counsellor," said Montchensey, "thankful that Providence has conducted you hither in this extraordinary crisis of my fate. But where is Neville, is he yet living, is he still an exile from his native land? And what are the precise circumstances which led to his disgrace and ruin? For all that I have been able to learn from Bertha is, that whilst an officer in Ireland, in the army of Essex, he was suspected of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the family of Tyrone."

"I am nearly, if not altogether, as much in the dark as yourself with regard to these particulars," rejoined Shakspeare; "for though previous to his embarkation for Ireland, Raymond Neville and myself were bosom friends, having been introduced to each other by my Lord Southampton, and I occasionally heard both of him, and from him during the earlier period of his campaigns in that island, I could ascertain nothing further than that having been entrusted by Essex with several personal negotiations with Tyrone, he had, unfortunately, owing to the opportunities which the importunate hospitality of

Tyrone had afforded, fallen deeply in love with the beautiful daughter of that chieftain. A correspondence had ensued, and the malignity of his enemies had been but too successful in founding upon it, in the first place, an accusation of undue attachment to the cause of her father, and ultimately a charge of treason. He escaped, however, the death which they had assigned him, by a flight to the continent, an expedition which must have been delayed for some time, and to his great peril, by the wounds which your unfortunate rashness inflicted; for, from the period to which your narrative relates, there can be no doubt that his journey hither had been intended as a step preparatory to his final departure from Britain. Of the casualty, however, which thus temporarily arrested his purpose, or even of his sister's marriage with yourself, not a syllable was mentioned in the letter to which I have alluded. It is now seventeen years since that letter was received, and, with the exception of having once heard, and that shortly afterwards, that he had gone on a distant expedition in the army of Henry of France,

I have learnt nothing further concerning him, nor do I know, indeed, that he still exists.

"But it is to this letter, my friend," continued Shakspeare, "distant as is its date, that I am persuaded, in conjunction with what the last night has produced, we are about to owe a second discovery, in importance only inferior to that which has so lately gratified your feelings. You will scarcely credit me, perhaps, when I tell you that Hubert Gray, him whom you have banished from your roof, your former favourite, and the favourite too of Helen Montchensey, is the son of Raymond Neville; ay, and moreover, one and the same with Roland the freebooter, and the minstrel whom you saw at Stratford!"

It would be utterly impossible to describe the varied and conflicting emotions, the mixture of astonishment and joy, of fear and hope, of sorrow and remorse, which, by turns, agitated the breast of Eustace Montchensey, when these strange facts were announced. He absolutely gasped for breath, nor was it until after repeated efforts, that he was able to say, in a low and tremulous tone of voice, "I know not whether

most to grieve or to rejoice at the information you have given me. It is, indeed, of so extraordinary a nature, that, although I am sure you would not willingly trifle with my feelings, I must suspend my entire belief until I learn what has led you to these conclusions."

Shakspeare now entered into a full account of his meeting with Hubert Gray the preceding evening, of the conversation which they held together, and of the confessions which he had made as to his identity with the minstrel at Stratford, and Roland the outlaw. "I must own," he continued, "that if I felt interested by the lofty yet open and generous deportment of the leader of banditti, however faulty he might be in other respects, that interest was heightened in a tenfold degree, when I recognised these features in combination with the character, such as it had been described to me by Simon Fraser and your daughter, and such, indeed, as I afterwards found it to be, of the amiable, the tender, and romantic Hubert Gray. It formed an assemblage, mine host, which, though not altogether perfect in its moral bearing, and where, alas! shall we look for perfection, has delighted

me by its freshness and originality; but how was its impression on my mind strengthened and endeared, when I beheld in this young man the very image of my long-lost friend and favourite, Raymond Neville! whose character was, in many of its leading parts, very closely approximated to what circumstances have so strongly developed in the person of Hubert Gray.

"It was this striking resemblance, together with the remarkable particulars which I had heard concerning his early history and situation at Wyeburne, which brought vividly to my recollection that memorable letter from poor Neville, in which, after dwelling at some length on his melancholy prospects abroad, he mentions that he had left his son, then a child three or four years old, in England, under the care of a worthy and respectable old man, who had formerly been a retainer in his father's family; but under the idea, I suppose, of soon writing again, he omitted to state the name and place of abode of the person with whom he had placed him; and though I subsequently made every enquiry in my power, it was not until yesterday evening,

when, of course, all hopes of discovery had for years been banished from my mind, that any clue was afforded me which could promise success.

"So forcibly, however, did these coincidences strike my mind, that though then unacquainted with the connection subsisting between your family and that of the Nevilles, I ventured to suggest to Hubert, what I thought the most likely means of mitigating his despair, and of inducing him to throw off the associations he had so unhappily formed, the possibility of ascertaining his parentage, as grounded on the likeness I had traced, though I should add, without disclosing the name of the party resembled. But the incident of last night, my friend, and mark too, I pray you, the very remarkable period of its occurrence, together with the conversation I have had with you this morning, puts the matter, in my opinion, beyond all doubt. But let us hasten to the cottage of Simon Fraser; if any thing be wanting to ensure our certainty on the subject, it is from that quarter we shall, in all probability, obtain it; for the secrecy to which, I understand,

Simon has been pledged, must assuredly give way to the circumstances, and the necessity which we shall place before him."

To this proposal, Montchensey, whose feelings had been strongly excited by the picture which Shakspeare had drawn of his interview with the unhappy youth, very gladly assented. He had, indeed, ever loved Hubert, and though unwilling to see his daughter united to one of whose origin he knew nothing, he estranged himself from him with great reluctance; nor could he avoid many compunctious visitings of conscience, when he heard of his long and and frequent absences from Wyeburne, and listened to the surmises which were afloat concerning his wild and irregular mode of life, knowing as he did, that to these practices he had, in a great measure, been driven by what had occurred at the Hall. It was the verification of these reports which he had just heard from the mouth of Shakspeare, and to an extent beyond what he had ever dreamt of, that now pressed heaviest on his heart; for how dreadful, how sudden, might be the fate, he thought of this young man, unenable as he now was to the

offended laws of his country. He was inexpressibly anxious, therefore, not only to see Simon Fraser, but to procure an interview, as soon as possible, with Hubert himself. "Oh! my friend," he exclaimed to Shakspeare, as they rapidly pursued their walk together to the village of Wyeburne, "scarcely has my mind been liberated from the horrible impression of having human blood in one instance to account for, than this fresh source of somewhat similar uneasiness is about to assail me; for not only is it appalling to reflect, that should the father be still alive, a death of ignominy may alike await both him and his son, but in the latter case, how shall my conscience acquit me of being accessory to the event; and what under these circumstances may be the sufferings of my beloved Helen, both on his and my account, I dread to think!"

"So accustomed have you been, my good friend," replied Shakspeare, "to look on the gloomy side of things, that you perceive not the rays of light which are dawning on our horizon. Nothing more than mere suspicion attaches to the conduct of Raymond Neville; the enmity

which sought his ruin, is past and gone, and the time is now come when, if he be still alive, I am persuaded a little exertion in his favour would do much. Nor are the lawless eccentricities of Hubert without many palliating accompaniments; for, independent of the causes which gave them birth, has he not, in fact, through their means, been instrumental in converting what was formerly a gang of atrocious robbers, into something very little removed from a troop of comparatively harmless deer-stalkers. Believe me, then, all shall yet be well; and, indeed, should the testimony of Simon Fraser be what I trust it will be, I shall find much to interest me deeply in the affair; for I loved Raymond Neville, as I have mentioned before, almost as a brother, and this rogue, Hubert, with all his faults, has already won my heart. Besides, is not the happiness of yourself, and that of my excellent little Helen, nay, perhaps, the only chance of restoration for your unhappy Bertha, dependant on the fate of the Nevilles? In short, though I would not boast Master Montchensey, yet I think I can do you some service. I tried, indeed, what I could for my

friend when first I heard of his misfortune; but the ear of my then gracious mistress, the incomparable Elizabeth, irritated as she was by the occurrences of the Irish expedition, was prejudiced against him, and the only channel too through which I could apply, was one not calculated, at that period, to recommend my suit. But the times are now changed, and my Lord Southampton can do that with King James which he could not effect with Elizabeth. Go to, then! shall I not, with so many incentives to action, with so many added means for success, again try every effort in my power? Yes, my friend, no sooner shall I have left the cottage we are now approaching, than I will hasten to London, fully assured as, I trust, I shall then be, not only as to the parentage of Hubert, of which I have, indeed, even now, scarce a doubt, but of the existence perhaps of the elder Neville; and prepared, therefore, alike for enquiry on the one hand, and solicitation on the other."

The only acknowledgment which in the fullness of his heart Montchensey could make for these benevolent intentions, was by a kindly pressure of the hand, for the tears had started

into his eyes, and his voice had become inarticulate from emotion. But the feelings of each were well and mutually understood; for, indeed the generous enthusiasm of the bard, and the overflowing gratitude of Montchensey, could not be mistaken, so deeply were they respectively imprinted on their features and manner.

It was while these sensations held their exclusive empire over the hearts of both, that they reached the neat but humble abode of Simon Fraser. The good old man was sitting in the porch of his cottage, that he might enjoy the warmth of the morning sun, whilst the honeysuckle gadding luxuriantly along the trellis work over his head, effectually protected him from the scorching influence of its beams. He rose, not without much surprise, at the approach of his guests, for he had little expected to see again beneath his roof the master of Wyeburne Hall.

"My worthy Simon," exclaimed Montchensey, in answer to a most respectful welcome from the grey-haired minstrel, "I am come hither to offer you my hand as a pledge of returning cordiality, of that unreserved confidence

indeed. that, until lately, subsisted between us, but which circumstances that ought not, I confess, to have reached you, have unhappily interrupted." Here he paused, apparently exhausted by fatigue both of body and mind, and dropping into a chair, he added in a low tone, "But, as I feel myself, from the recent hurry of my spirits, unequal to the task of explanation, I must refer you to my admirable friend here, who is, I understand, not unknown to you, and who has been, in truth, a principal agent in effecting what we have to communicate I will now, therefore, merely say, that to receive Hubert, and to protect him from all danger, will be, in future, the objects nearest to my heart."

Tears of delight sparkled in the eyes of Simon Fraser on hearing this declaration, and turning on Shakspeare a look, in which gratitude, curiosity, and admiration, seemed equally mingled, the poet, anxious to relieve what he knew must be a state of painful suspense, immediately entered on the narrative of what had happened, mentioning his interview with Hubert Gray, the occurrences of the preceding night, his conversation with Montchensey that morning, and

his former intimacy with Raymond Neville. "And now, my kind friend," he added as he closed his detail, "nothing more is wanting than your testimony to perfect the discovery which we have begun, and from what you have now heard, and the conviction which must necessarily follow as its effect, that the happiness of all parties depends upon the establishment of what we are seeking, I trust you will deem the secrecy to which, I understand, you have hitherto been pledged, as no longer binding upon you. We would ask of you, then, in the first place, if Hubert Gray be, or be not, the son of Raymond Neville; and in the second, whether you know if the latter be yet in existence?"

"My honoured Sirs," replied the venerable Fraser, almost overcome by the varied emotions of joy and astonishment which had agitated his bosom whilst Shakspeare was speaking, "pardon the weakness of a fond old man, for indeed the very extraordinary account you have just given, has been almost too much for me to bear. I would it were in my power fully to satisfy your expectations, for I feel, with yourselves, that all

motive or object of concealment, whatever may have been the original necessity, has now passed away. What I have, however, to communicate, though it does not form a direct reply to your questions, will go nigh, I think, to set the matter at rest.

"It was not many months after the melancholy event which took place at the Hall, in which my honoured patron here was reported to have slain a stranger in a duel; for, as I saw him not previous to the encounter, neither then, nor since, indeed, until this very hour, have I had the smallest suspicion that this person was Raymond Neville; it was, I say, not many months after this event, that one evening, as the dusk was setting in, a man, muffled up in a large wrapping coat, knocked at my cottage door; he had in his arms, and fast asleep, a beautiful child, apparently about four years of age, which, after presenting me with a small packet, he begged leave to commit for a few minutes to the care of my wife. No sooner, however, had she complied with this request, than the man, perceiving me earnestly engaged in reading what he had brought, suddenly darting from the cot-

tage, disappeared in the gloom, nor could I trace his footsteps for more than an instant. This child was Hubert Gray, and the packet, containing a letter, a sum of money, and some clothes, was from my young Lord, as I once used to term him, Master Raymond Neville, who stated therein, that the little boy whom he had sent, and whom he wished me to take care of for some years to come, was the son of a particular friend of his; and that, for reasons which he would one time or other reveal to me, it was his earnest desire, and solemn injunction indeed, that his, Raymond Neville's, name, should not be mentioned in the transaction, nay, that his very existence should be kept a profound secret, enjoining me to this by every tie of gratitude which the remembrance of his father's kindness and protection to myself and family, could enforce. He further added, that remittances would be regularly forwarded to me through a banker's hands in London, and that, through the same channel, I was, from time to time, to communicate intelligence as to the welfare of Hubert Gray, and, (under a fictitious name for her,) which he then mentioned, what

might be the state of his sister's mind and health.

"I need not say," he continued, addressing Montchensey, "for you yourself, my noble friend, have been a witness of it, that I have loved Hubert Gray, even as my own child, and that until this hour, when I find any further secrecy would be destructive to my master's house, I have kept the injunction which was laid upon me."

"I know it, my worthy Fraser," cried Montchensey, "and I honour you for your conduct; but let me ask you, if you never have had reason positively to conclude that Hubert Gray was the son of Raymond Neville?"

"Certainly, never positively," replied Simon; "but I must confess that I had my suspicions as to this being the case, even from the first; and when Hubert grew up as it were the very image of his father, these suspicions amounted in my mind almost to conviction."

"And can you, I repeat, give us any information, Master Simon," said Shakspeare, "as to the existence or place of residence of the unfortunate Neville; for my anxiety to discover him

is, if possible, encreased by finding that your account, though strongly corroborative of what we had concluded to be the fact, does not absolutely go so far as to identify Hubert Gray as the son of my friend?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," he returned, "for I have never held any direct communication with Raymond Neville since the night of my receiving the little Hubert; and, indeed, owing to the remittances having been withheld for the last two years, a circumstance which before that period had never taken place, I have unhappily been induced to think that he is no longer living."

Here, Shakspeare, turning to his friend Montchensey, remarked, that until something more certain could be ascertained, he thought it would be better for both, to avoid a meeting with Hubert Gray. "You, my kind friend, however," he added, addressing Simon, "will, in all probability, see him very soon, for he assured me when we parted, that he would speedily revisit your cottage. Tell him, then, without mentioning what we have just now disclosed, for I would not further excite hopes which it is yet possible

may not be realised, that I am earnestly engaged on his behalf, and that, I trust, it will not be long before we meet beneath your roof." Then, after enquiring the name and residence of the banker with whom Simon had formerly communicated, he added, shaking the old man most cordially by the hand, " And now, my noble-hearted Fraser, fare thee well! I go, high in hope, notwithstanding the slight disappointment which has met me here, that I shall yet once more see my long-lost friend, that I shall witness the reunion of the father and the son, and that the Hall of Montchensey and the Cottage at Wyeburne shall have reason to love the memory of Shakspeare!"

The heart of the minstrel glowed within him as he listened to these words, whilst Montchensey, almost equally moved, could only reply by imploring blessings on the head of one whom he had long known as the first and noblest of poets, but whom he had now to acknowledge as the best and kindest of men.

" Not only we, but every distant age, shall love thee, bard of Avon!", cried the minstrel,

with a prophet's enthusiasm, as Shakspeare, deeply affected, turned from the cottage at Wyeburne.

(*To be continued.*)

No. XVI.

Here shall Contemplation imp
Her eagle plumes; the Poet here shall hold
Sweet converse with his Muse; the curious Sage,
Who comments on great Nature's ample tome,
Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,
Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray
That gilds the Poet's day-dream: -- Nor if here
The Painter comes, shall his enchanting art
Go back without a boon: for Fancy here,
With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
Which RUISDALE best might rival.

MASON.

THE distribution and contrast of the various scenes, gay or sombre, soothing or romantic, touching or sublime, which the art of picturesque gardening is adequate to the task of creating, and which we have seen as it were start into being during the preceding parts of the poem, now fix the attention of the reader, and con-

stitute, in fact, the leading topics of the *fourth* and *last* book.

From such an intimation, much of what is highly beautiful and interesting, much of what is calculated to please the imagination and attach the heart, will naturally be expected; nor will any disappointment ensue from indulging these anticipations; for the work rises in poetic power as it advances, and I am happy, also, to add, that in the bolder and best sustained flights of his author, the translator follows with a vigorous and an equal wing.

Proud, and justly so, of the truly felicitous nature of his theme, the French bard opens this portion of his labours by asking who will venture to despise the subject of his song, and he then, in a triumphant tone, exclaims

Il inspiroit Virgile, il séduisoit Homère:

Which gentle Virgil blush'd not to rehearse,
Which stole a place in mighty Homer's verse! *

* Alluding to "the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, and the description of the shield of Achilles by Homer, where the sieges and battles are happily contrasted by the vintage, the harvest, and the pastoral scenes of peace."—Translator's Note.

and he very shortly afterwards apostrophises the poet of Greece in the following emphatic manner:

Chantre divin, je laisse à tes muses altières
Le soin de diriger ces phalanges guerrières;
Diriger les jardins est mon paisible emploi,
Déja le sol docile a reconnu ma loi,
Des gazons l'ont couvert, et de sa main vermeille
Flore sur leur tapis a versé sa corbeille,
Des bois ont couronné les rochers et les eaux.
Chant 4.

Divine Enthusiast! be it thine to form
The phalanx deep, and guide the battle's storm.
'Tis mine the garden's peaceful pomp to sway,
And *bid* the *docile* soil my voice obey:
The turf spreads smooth, and Flora's rosy hand
Shakes her wild blossoms o'er the laughing land,
Whilst rocks and waves are crown'd with nodding
shade.

After this graceful exordium, the best *mode* of displaying the embellished scenery, through paths and walks which, from their careless and undulating play, appear to be of Nature's own formation, is the topic next touched upon, and

becomes introductory to a description of the various landscapes to which, like episodes in a well-constructed poem, these desultory windings lead; and which should, like the bardic pictures just alluded to, be so wrought up and finished as to call forth in succession the most pleasing and contrasted emotions of the mind. A few sketches of this kind, which will place the merits of the translator in a very conspicuous light, shall now be brought forward. De Lille is pointing out the diversified views which should attract and gratify the wanderer's eye, as he steals along the sinuous path, or lies reclined beneath the sheltering tree. Here should be seen, he tells us, a gloomy cell, the abode of Silence and of Solitude; there a lovely lake should expand its bosom to the gale, and, beyond, the distant landscape should melt into the horizon, whilst

Quelquefois un bosquet riant, mais recueilli,
Par la nature et vous richement embelli,
Plein d'ombres et de fleurs, et d'un luxe champêtre,
Semble dire: "Arretez! où pouvez-vous mieux
être?"

Soudain la scène change; au lieu de la gaieté,
C'est la mélancolie et la tranquillité;
C'est le calme imposant des lieux où sont nourries
La méditation, les longues rêveries.
Là, l'homme avec son cœur revient s'entretenir
Médite le présent, plonge dans l'avenir,
Songe aux biens, songe aux maux épars dans sa
carrière;
Quelquefois, rejetant ses regards en arrière,
Se plaît à distinguer dans le cercle des jours
Ce peu d'instans, hélas! et si chers et si courts,
Ces fleurs dans un désert, ces tems où le ramène
Le regret du bonheur, et même de la peine.

Chant 4.

In rendering the first two couplets of this passage, the translator has deviated considerably, and with the happiest effect, from his original. "The question 'Où pouvez-vous mieux être?' he observes in a note, "had so much of the air of a petit-maître's impertinence in it, that it seemed utterly inconsistent with the character of the grove. Though this scene invites us to pleasure, it is to that of a higher cast than what the original seems to give us an idea of; it is to a pleasure which a refined soul, and

a mind entirely devoted to the beauties of nature, can alone enjoy. The translator has endeavoured to introduce none but appropriate images; and those without which the grove would scarcely know to charm." In fact, the first ten lines of the version may be considered, if we except a single image in the opening couplet, as altogether original, and both these, and the residue of the quotation, are, as to beauty of thought, and poetry of diction, entitled to high praise. It can be said of them, indeed, without any injustice to the Gallic bard, that in dignity of tone and pathos of expression they advance a step beyond the general cast and structure of the French poem.

Sometimes let blooming shades attract the sight,
And to their cool refreshing bowers invite,
Where Pleasure loves along the banks to rove
Of a clear brook that murmurs through the grove:
Or, stretch'd some beech-tree's spreading shade
 beneath,
Round which the woodbine winds in many a wreath,
Delights to hear the bee laborious sing,
Or feel the ev'ning zephyr's balmy wing,

While each fringed copse beneath, and bow'r above,
Breathe the sweet notes of innocence and love.
Lo! the scene shifts, and joy is seen to fly;
And Melancholy meek, with tearful eye,
And Contemplation wrapt in thought profound,
Possess the widely-silent glooms around;
Where man awhile, sublimed from low desires,
To commune with his secret soul retires;
Thinks on the present, scans his future state,
Explores what ills, what blessings round him wait;
Or loves a retrospective glance to cast
On many a dear ecstatic rapture past;
To mark those few, those fleeting hours that smiled,
Like flowers that bloom amid a desert wild;
Those scenes of long-lamented joys to mourn,
Nay, sigh for pains that never can return.

It is indeed one of the highest provinces of the art which our poet is celebrating, so to interchange the scenery that no feeling of insipidity or ennui should be experienced. We must, therefore, carefully avoid the gay monotony of ever-smiling bowers, nor fear to introduce, as in consonancy with some of the best and most cherished feelings of the human breast, objects which may soothingly remind us of our

sorrows and deprivations; for, as our translator has well expressed it,

Who has not wept some sad, some cruel blow?

To seek, under such circumstances, for the solitude of groves and streams, is the natural wish of the mourner: and how dear a solace it must be to find nature sympathising, as it were, with our grief, and casting over the urn or tomb the protection of her holiest shade, will be readily understood by all who have ever felt the luxury of a tear which "sacred pity hath engender'd." It is with a sentiment of this kind swelling at his heart, that the poet of the Gardens exclaims,

Déjà pour l'embrasser de leurs ombres paisibles,
Se penchant sur la tombe, objets de vos regrets,
L'if, le sombre sapin; et toi, triste cyprès,
Fidèle ami des morts, protecteur de leur cendre,
Ta tige chère au cœur mélancolique et tendre,
Laisse la joie au myrte et la gloire au laurier;
Tu n'es point l'arbre heureux de l'amant, du guerrier
Je le sais; mais ton deuil compatit a nos peines.

Chant 4.

Already, lo ! the yew and fir extend
Their mournful arms, the quiet grave to shade,
Where, whom you weep, in lasting night is laid;
And thou, sad cypress, faithful to the dead,
That o'er the dust thy guardian gloom dost spread,
The brow of conquest to the laurel leave,
And still let joy his myrtle chaplet weave:
What tho' victorious warriors scorn thy gloom,
And happy lovers brighter wreaths assume;
Dear to the sorrows of the tender soul,
The mourner's breast thy solemn shades console.

In creating scenery of this kind, however, the utmost simplicity and truth of feeling are required, lest any the smallest appearance of show or affectation should creep in to violate and destroy the sanctity of the associations which should consecrate such a spot. For what can be more disgusting, what more revolting, than to know, or even to suspect, that in a place so set apart, you behold

Urns without grief, and tombs without a tear.

The author, indeed, of the poem before us, very earnestly dissuades against any attempt at such a simulation of sorrow, recommending,

that if you have no departed friend to whose memory you can with sincerity dedicate the expression of your regard, to call in, if your situation will admit of it, a view of the neighbouring church cemetery, where sleep the peasantry who have worked upon your estate, and been your faithful and your patient servants through life. The scene is certainly one that could not fail to excite in every humane bosom the emotions and the reflections which the bard is solicitous to awaken; and it is but justice to add, that he has enforced the suggestion in a manner which reflects the highest credit on his head and heart.

Beautiful and touching, however, as is the passage in the original, from its judicious imitation of Gray, yet must the version be pronounced superior; for it is on the ground of having occasionally introduced the very words of the Elegy, where M. De Lille has most closely copied the sentiment of the British bard, that the translator has in a note, very justly remarked, that "the passage affords an opportunity for a comparison that must necessarily end in the triumph of English poetry." It is one also

which, I may venture to say, exhibits the taste and poetical tact of the translator to the highest advantage.

"Who would blush," asks the Abbé, "to grace the humble sepulchre of the industrious cottager?" and he then proceeds to describe what had been the tenor of his lowly life.

Depuis l'aube, où le coq matinal
Des rustiques travaux leur donne le signal,
Jusques à la veillée, où leur jeune famille
Environne avec eux le sarment qui pétille,
Dans les mêmes travaux roulent en paix leurs jours;
Des guerres, des traités n'en marquent point le cours;
Naître, souffrir, mourir, c'est toute leur histoire.
Mais leur cœur n'est point sourd au bruit de leur mémoire.
Quel homme vers la vie, au moment du départ,
Ne se tourne, et ne jette un triste et long regard,
A l'espoir d'un regret ne sent pas quelque charme,
Et des yeux d'un ami n'attend pas quelque larme?
Pour consoler leur vie honorez donc leur mort.
Celui qui de son rang faisant rougir le sort,
Servit son Dieu, son Roi, son pays, sa famille,
Qui grava la pudeur sur le front de sa fille,

D'une pierre moins brute honorez son tombeau;
Tracez-y ses vertus et les pleurs du hameau:
Qu'on y lise: *Ci gît le bon fils, le bon pere,*
Le bon époux. Souvent un charme involontaire
Vers ses enclos sacrés appellera vos yeux.
Et toi qui vins chanter sous ces arbres pieux,
Avant de les quitter, Muse, que ta guirlande
Demeure à leurs rameaux suspendue en offrande.
Que d'autres dans leurs vers célèbrent la beauté;
Que leur muse, toujours ivre de volupté,
Ne se montre jamais qu'un myrte sur la tête,
Qu'avec ses chants de joie et ses habits de fête;
Toi, tu dis au tombeau des chants consolateurs,
Et ta main la première y jeta quelques fleurs.

Chant 4.

With early morn, what time the cock first crows,
The simple patient labourer arose;
Till late at eve, around the crackling hearth,
His little children soothed him with their mirth:
In toil unwearied roll'd his peaceful day,
Nor wars nor treaties mark'd his "noiseless way:"
"For to be born, to suffer, and to die,"
The poor man cried, "is all my history."
Nor yet disdains his soul the voice of fame,
The rude memorial of an honest name.

Who unconcern'd his being e'er resign'd,
Nor " cast one longing ling'ring look behind?"
Who has not hoped a friend's regret to share,
Nor wish'd to claim " the tributary tear?"
O! let the toils, 'neath which in life they groan'd,
Be by the honours of their graves atoned!
Oh! let a stone less rugged grace his tomb,
Whose noble virtues shamed his humble doom!
Who serv'd his God, his family with zeal,
Obey'd his king, and lov'd his country's weal;
With modesty who stamp'd his daughter's brow,
There trace his virtues, and the hamlet's woe.
There let us read, " Beneath this humble stone
" Lies the good sire, good husband, and good son."
And thou, O Muse! who 'neath this solemn gloom,
That loves to shroud the ever-silent tomb,
Has tried to sooth " the dull cold ear of death,"
Upon their boughs suspend thy votive wreath.
Let others woo bright beauty to their arms,
And, drunk with pleasure, celebrate her charms,
In festive robes adorn'd, their lays resound,
Their brows for ay with verdant myrtle crown'd:
Thou to the grave consoling strains hast sung,
And earliest blossoms on the tomb hast flung.

Turning from subjects of this mournful complexion, the poet calls us to a consideration

of the beauties which may be engrafted on landscape gardening by a judicious introduction of architectural objects. He reprobates, however, in the most emphatic manner, a wild and lavish profusion of buildings, culled from every age and nation,

Kiosk, pagoda, obelisk, and dome,
Drawn from Arabia, China, Greece, and Rome,

correctly and tastefully declaring that no ornament of this kind should find its place in the garden aiming at the highest province of the art, to which the epithets *idle* or *inappropriate* can possibly attach. The remark leads him to a warmly-expressed encomium on the pleasing effects to be derived, in a picturesque point of view, from the simple farm, and its rural occupations:

La ferme ! A ce nom seul, les moissons, les vergers,
Le règne pastoral, les doux soins des bergers,
Ces biens de l'age d'or, dont l'image chérie
Plut tant à mon enfance, âge d'or de la vie,
Réveillent dans mon cœur mille regrets touchans.
Venez de vos oiseaux j'entends déjà les chants ;

J'entends rouler les chars qui traînent l'abondance,
Et le bruit des fléaux qui tombent en cadence.

Chant 4.

The farm! what joys that single word can give!
What warm emotions in my breast revive!
The golden age again resumes the year!
The harvests, orchards, past'ral joys appear!
Those scenes adored in youth, life's golden age!
Hark! how the birds my list'ning ears engage!
I hear the cars that roll abundance round,
And flails in cadence falling on the ground!

To give such a degree of chaste and simple elegance to the scenery of the farm as shall adapt it to become one of the most delightful constituents of embellished landscape, demands no common union of simplicity in design, and judgment in execution; but the object once attained, it is then, to adopt a line of our author, that

La ferme est aux jardins ce qu'aux vers est l'idylle.

Nor are the implements of farming, nor many of its operations, to be hidden from our

view; and more especially is the animation of the farm-yard, and particularly that of the feathered tribes, their sports, their manners, and their polity, to be deemed essential to the variety we are in search of. On these topics of rural economy, as accommodated to the purposes of the picturesque in gardening, the French poet has dwelt at considerable length; but as I do not think his translator has been eminently successful in transfusing the colouring which has given them their grace and spirit, I forbear to quote from this part of the work, reserving my next specimen of the version for a subject which, from the superior vigour and elevation of its tone, appears to have again called forth his best exertions. M. De Lille has passed from the description of domestic birds to indulge in a slight sketch of those of foreign climes,

Birds whom the sun in radiant plumes attires,
And bids them glow with all their parents' fires,

and who are condemned to be lodged in the splendid aviary. Yet, whilst he yields to the

wish of the opulent for collecting these beauteous strangers of another land, he strongly declares against the attempt to confine those, whether foreign or domestic, whose spirit chafes and repines at the smallest deprivation of their freedom. It is a passage, though short, of great energy in the original; and it falls beneath the eye of the English reader without any diminution of effect:

Eh ! quel œil sans regret peut voir le roi des airs,
L'aigle, qui se jouoit au milieu de l'orage,
Oublier aujourd'hui dans une indigne cage
La fierté de son vol, et l'éclair de ses yeux ?
Rendez lui le soleil et la voûte des cieux :
Un être dégradé ne peut jamais nous plaire.

Chant 4.

Who can unmoved behold the feather'd king
Forget his light'ning eye and tow'ring wing,
Coop'd in the confines of a narrow cage,
Who wont to revel 'mid the tempest's rage?
Give him his sun, his vault of heav'n again;
Degraded Nature must be view'd with pain.

Having given due attention to the aviary, the Abbé proceeds to enumerate the gratifica-

tions springing from the green and hot-house; and he then hastens to mention various other buildings, which, as exhibiting utility or beauty, or combining both, may be admitted with effect into the grounds; such as the bath, hidden by weeping willows; the fisher's cot; the secluded bower, dedicated to friendship and the muses; the monumental obelisk; the hermitage, and the classical temple; nor, in a subsequent part of the book, does he hesitate to set apart the grove and smiling mead, as an appropriate domain for the almost breathing busts and statues of the good and great. The description of this latter scene is one of great beauty, and, having had justice done to it by the translator, claims a place in these pages. It must be, indeed, peculiarly dear to the English reader, as terminating with a just and very pleasing apostrophe to the memory of our immortal countryman and navigator, the virtuous and intrepid Cooke.

Créez un élysée où leur ombre repose:
Loin des profanes yeux, dans des vallons couverts
De lauriers odorans, de myrtes toujours verds,

En marbre de Paris offrez-vous leurs images.
Qu'une eau lente se plaise à baigner ces bocages,
Et qu'aux ombres du soir mêlant un jour douteux,
Diane aux doux rayons soit l'astre de ces lieux.
Leur tranquille beauté sous ces dais de verdure,
De ces marbres chéris la blancheur tendre et pure,
Ces grands hommes, leur calme et simple majesté,
Cette eau silencieuse, image du Léthé,
Qui semble pour leurs cœurs exempts d'inquiétude,
Rouler l'oubli des maux et de l'ingratitude,
Ce bois, ce jour mourant sous leur ombrage épais,
Tout des mânes heureux y respire la paix.
Vous donc, n'y consacrez que des vertus tranquilles.
Loin tous ces conquérans en ravages fertiles : —
Montrez-y Fénélon à notre œil attendri :
Que Sully s'y relève embrassé par Henri.
Donnez des fleurs, donnez ; j'en couvrirai ces sages,
Qui, dans un noble exil, sur des lointains rivages
Cherchoient ou répandoient les arts consolateurs.
Toi surtout, brave Cook, qui, cher à tous les cœurs,
Unis par les regrets la France et l'Angleterre ;
Toi qui, dans ces climats où le bruit du tonnere
Nous annonçoit jadis, Triptolème nouveau,
Apportois le coursier, la brebis, le taureau ; —
Ta voile en arrivant leur annonçoit la paix ;
Et ta voile en partant leur laissoit des bienfaits. —
Helas ! de quoi lui sert que deux fois son audace
Ait vu des cieux brûlans, fendu des mers de glace ;

Que des peuples, des vents, des ondes révéré,
Seul sur les vastes mers son vaisseau fût sacré;
Que pour lui seul la guerre oubliât ses ravages?
L'ami du monde, hélas! meurt en proie aux sauvages.
Chant 4.

There in Elysium let their shades repose,
Free as the gods from reach of human woes.
Of Parian marble let their statues shine,
Far from each eye profane, where myrtles twine,
And laurel shades o'erhang the vale beneath,
Whose groves a gentle streamlet loves to bathe.
There let night's queen, in silver radiance throned,
With doubtful light bestrew the glimm'ring ground.
The verdant shade, the gentle calm below,
The marbles whiter than the virgin snow,
The simple grandeur of those sons of fame,
The waves that sleep, like Lethe's silent stream,
And seem oblivion sweet of woes to roll,
And deeds ungrateful to the peaceful soul:
The day, that 'neath the shady curtain fades,
All breathe the blest repose of happy shades.
Be tranquil virtues there alone adored;
Far be the sons of rapine and the sword,
Whose mad ambition set the world on fire: —
Let Fenelon there meet our melting eyes!
And Sully clasp'd in Henry's arms arise!

Bring flow'rs, bring fairest flow'rs, I'll crown their
brows,
Who scorn'd in noble exile mean repose,
Who sought the arts of social life to rear;
And thee, to all the world so justly dear,
Whom France and England now unite to mourn,
O Cook! with loveliest garlands I'll adorn!
Thou to those lands, where erst the thunder's roar
Announced our coming to th' affrighted shore,
A new Triptolemus across the deep,
Didst bear the plough, the horse, the bull, the
sheep;
Thou with fair peace th' approaching land didst
hail,
And grateful nations bless'd thy parting sail —
What boots it now, that twice thou daredst to brave
The burning skies, and cleave the ice-bound wave?
That, by all nations, winds, and waves revered,
Safe o'er the main thy sacred vessel steer'd?
That raging war in thee forgot the foe?
Some heavenly arm prevent th' impending blow!
Alas! 'tis vain, the savage dart has sped;
The friend of man lies number'd with the dead."

But of all the accompaniments to the grand or beautiful in nature, beyond all others, both in rarity and value, are the remains of antiquity, whether classical, feudal, or monastic. For-

tunate, indeed, is the man whose domains can boast of acquisitions such as these, and still more so, if he possess the taste and tone of feeling adequate to a just estimate of their priceless worth, as objects not only of the highest picturesque embellishment, but as calling forth the most striking historical associations, and awakening, at the same time, a train of reflections in a very striking degree awful yet pleasing, pensive yet consolatory.

Animated by the warmest enthusiasm for these precious reliques of the olden time, M. De Lille appears to have exerted all the energies of his genius in painting their delightful influence over the heart and imagination; and, accordingly, the finest passages in the fourth book, or perhaps in the whole poem, are those which are devoted to this fascinating subject. Happy has it been for the author, and equally so for the English reader, that these admirable sketches have lost nothing of their raciness and spirit from the pen of our anonymous translator; on the contrary, they appear to me to have been benefited by the medium through which they have passed.

The Abbé has been expatiating on the advantages to be derived to landscape gardening from the elegancies of modern architecture, and he then immediately subjoins,

Mais de ces monumens la brillante gaieté,
Et leur luxe moderne, et leur fraîche jeunesse,
D'un auguste débris valent-ils la vieillesse?
L'aspect désordonné de ces grands corps épars,
Leur forme pittoresque attache les regards;
Par eux le cours des ans est marqué sur la terre;
Détruits par les volcans, ou l'orage ou la guerre,
Ils instruisent toujours, consolent quelquefois.
Ces masses que du tems sentent aussi le poids,
Enseignent à céder à ce commun ravage,
A pardonner au sort. Telle jadis Cartnage
Vit sur ses murs détruits Marius malheureux,
Et ces deux grands débris se consoloient entre eux.—

Et toi qui m'égarant dans ces sites agrestes,
Bien loin des lieux frayés, des vulgaires chemins,
Par des sentiers nouveaux guides l'art des jardins,
O sœur de la Peinture, aimable Poésie,
A ces vieux monumens viens redonner la vie;
Viens présenter au goût ces riches accidens,
Que de ces lentes mains a dessiné le tems.

Chant 4.

But how are all these toys of modern taste,
Tho' by rich novelty and fancy graced,
Tho' gay in youth they laugh along the plains,
Surpass'd by proud Antiquity's remains!
What awful wonders strike the astonish'd eye,
When thrown around the mould'ring ruins lie;
Where arches, columns, from their bases hurl'd,
Mark Time's wide empire o'er the crumbling world!
O'erthrown by earthquakes, storms, or hostile rage,
They teach submission, and our griefs assuage.
Those wrecks that yield to Time's all-conquering pow'r,
Bid us with patience bear th' afflictive hour.
Such Carthage, haply was thy ruin'd state,
When 'mid thy walls the exiled Marius sate;
While each proud wreck beheld the other's lot,
And in each other's fate their own forgot.

Sister of Painting, Poetry divine,
With whom amid these rural haunts I stray,
Far from the beaten track and common way,
That to our grounds new beauties I may give,
O come, and bid these monuments revive!
Come, and whate'er laborious time has traced
With patient pencil, consecrate to taste.

The subject of *classical* ruins is shortly afterwards resumed in reference to Rome, and in lines of no little force and splendour, whether the original or the translation be considered.

O champs de l'Italie ! ô campagnes de Rome,
Où dans tout son orgueil git le néant de l'homme!
C'est là que des aspects fameux par de grands
noms,
Pleins de grands souvenirs et de hautes leçons,
Vous offrent ces objets, trésors des paysages.
Voyez de toutes parts, comment le cours des âges
Dispersant, déchirant de précieux lambeaux,
Jetant temple sur temple, et tombeaux sur tom-
beaux,
De Rome étale au loin la ruine immortelle;
Ces portiques, ces arcs, où la pierre fidelle
Garde du peuple roi les exploits éclatans,
Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le tems.

Chant 4.

Ye plains of Rome, amid whose ruins dread,
In all its pomp, man's vanity is laid!
What awful lessons breathe from all around,
From all those wrecks by mighty names renown'd!
Lo! o'er the scene old Time, with impious stride,
Spurning the precious fragments far and wide,

Temple on temple hurls, and tomb on tomb,
And spreads afar th' immortal wrecks of Rome.
Those porticos, those arches, yet proclaim
The shining glories of the Roman name.
Their faithful records yet unhurt remain,
And weary Time assaults their bulk in vain.

It is very rarely, however, even upon the continent, that ruins of this description fall within the province of the embellisher of grounds, and still less are they to be expected in our own island. To the remains therefore of *feudal* and *monastic* grandeur, as objects more likely to come into the possession of the great landed proprietor, the author turns our attention. Justly and beautifully, however, as he has painted these important adjuncts to the picturesque, he deprecates with great good taste every attempt to imitate them as a vain and idle artifice, pertinently observing, that the effort is like that of an infant distorting its little face in order to assume the character of old age.

Whilst about to contemplate the exquisite pictures of the Norman Castle and Conventual Fane, as exhibited in the work of M. De Lille,

it is impossible not to recollect those on the same subjects which had been just previously produced by the poet of the "English Garden;" and as a comparison of these masterly delineations, which the very nature of the art they had chosen to celebrate was calculated to suggest, cannot but be highly interesting to the reader, I shall make no apology for introducing to him, in the first place, as earliest executed, the beautiful designs of Mason.

In thy fair domain,
Yes, my loved Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only: where if Art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight; and pleased revere
What once had rous'd our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,

Served but to feed some pamper'd abbot's pride,
And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that listen'st to my lay,
And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
Happy art thou if thou canst call thine own
Such scenes as these: where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a scatter'd host
Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;
While, rushing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall.

Book i. l. 355.

Chastely coloured and exquisitely touched as are these delightful sketches of the time-worn reliques of Gothic architecture, and difficult as it must be to follow in the footsteps of such an artist, it will be allowed, I think, that the efforts of M. De Lille in bringing these striking objects before us, are neither wanting in vigour of conception, nor in their own peculiar beauties of

execution. He has, in fact, spread a wider canvass, and has given us, if not a more graceful, yet a more minute description of the scenery which he had in view. His obligations, however, to the celebrated Epistle of Pope from Eloisa to Abelard, will not escape the notice of the reader; nor can we too highly praise the masterly manner in which the translator has executed his task on this occasion, the entire version of the passage, and especially of that part of it which relates to the abbey, being worked up with the loveliest and most impressive colouring which English poetry can afford. He has, indeed, very judiciously availed himself of the diction of that unrivalled epistle to which we have just alluded.

Tantôt, c'est un vieux fort, qui du haut des collines,
Tyran de la contrée, effroi de ses vassaux,
Portoit jusques au ciel l'orgueil de ses créneaux;
Qui, dans ces tems affreux de discorde et d'alarmes,
Vit les grands coups de lance et les nobles faits d'armes
De nos preux chevaliers, des Baiards, des Henris;
Aujourd'hui la maison flotte sur ses débris.

Ces débris, cette mâle et triste architecture,
Qu' environne une fraîche et riante verdure,
Ces angles, ces glacis, ces vieux restes de tours,
Où l'oiseau couve en paix le fruit de ses amours,
Et ces troupeaux peuplant ces enceintes guerrières,
Et l'enfant qui se joue où combattoient ses pères.—
Plus loin, une abbaye antique, abandonnée,
Tout à coup s'offre aux yeux de bois environnée,
Quel silence ! C'est là qu'amante du désert
La méditation avec plaisir se perd
Sous ces portiques saints, où des vierges austères,
Jadis, comme ces feux, ces lampes solitaires,
Dont les mornes clartés veillent dans le saint lieu,
Pâles, veilloient, brûloient, se consumoient pour Dieu.
Le saint recueillement, la paisible innocence
Semble encor de ces lieux habiter le silence.
La mousse de ces murs, ce dôme, cette tour,
Les arcs de ce long cloître impénétrable au jour,
Les degrés de l'autel usés par la prière,
Ces noirs vitraux, ce sombre et profond sanctuaire
Où peut-être des cœurs en secret malheureux
A l'inflexible autel se plaignoient de leurs nœuds,
Et pour des souvenirs encor trop pleins de charmes,
A la religion déroboient quelques larmes ;
Tout parle, tout émeut dans ce séjour sacré.
Là, dans la solitude en rêvant égaré,

Quelquefois vous croirez, au déclin d'un jour sombre,
D'une Héloïse en pleurs entendre gémir l'ombre.
Chant 4.

There on a lofty hill exalted high,
Crown'd with proud battlements that scale the sky,
An ancient castle lifts his frowning head,
The country's tyrant, and the vassals dread,
Which in the days of discord and alarms
Beheld the broken lance, and feats of arms;
Where Henrics, Bayards, and our worthies old,
Their tilts and tournaments were wont to hold.
Where erst this gloomy architecture frown'd,
The yellow harvest laughs along the ground;
Angles and bastions now are scarcely seen,
Cloth'd with a vivid robe of smiling green.
High 'mid the ruin'd tow'rs the nests are hung,
Where birds in peace brood o'er their callow young;
Wide roam the herds among the mould'ring forts,
And where his fathers fought the infant sports.

Deep in yon wood a sudden gloom profound
Enwraps the abbey's lonely walls around.
'Tis silence all! There Contemplation loves
To lose herself, as through the aisles she roves,
Where holy virgins check'd their young desires,
Pale as the lamps, whose solitary fires

Hung feebly glimm'ring through the sad abode,
Watch'd, burn'd within, consum'd themselves for God.
Bless'd Solitude yet haunts each silent cell,
And peaceful Innocence there loves to dwell.
Those moss-clad walls which domes and spires adorn,
That altar's steps, "which holy knees have worn;"
Those arched cloisters ever wrapt in night,
Those windows dim that shed a gloomy light;
Those shrines where secret victims mourn'd in vain,
And curs'd their vows, and voluntary pain,
When once-lov'd raptures seized the struggling soul,
And tears of passion from devotion stole;
All breathe a tender melancholy round,
And more than mortal voices seem to sound.
There as you muse along the silent shades,
What time the weeping ev'ning sadly fades,
Some shrouded ghost still stalks along the gloom,
Some Eloisa groans from yonder tomb.

In the early editions of "Les Jardins" the poem terminates with the apostrophe to the memory of Cook; but in the latter impressions, with an episode founded on the story of the Sidonian monarch, Abdalonimus. As this very

narrative, however, closes the second book of the "English Garden" of Mason, it is scarcely possible not to suspect that the Abbé, however he may have varied some of the incidents, borrowed this illustration from the British bard. It is true that the tale has been told by several individuals both ancient and modern; that it is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Quintus Curtius, and has been dramatised by M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio; but as it appeared not in the first draught of the poem, which there is reason to believe was composed without any reference to its immediate predecessor, its insertion in subsequent editions, when the author must have had ample opportunities for becoming well acquainted with the work of his contemporary, cannot but lead to the inference which has just been suggested.

An impartial review of the two poems will probably lead to the conclusion, that, if in dignity, simplicity, and pathos, the production of Mason be deemed superior to its French rival, it must, in point of variety, and I apprehend, too, in point of interest, submit to yield a preference.

With regard to the *Anonymous Version* of the work of M. De Lille, the discussion of whose merits has given rise to, and furnished the chief subject of these papers, it will, I trust, be allowed, that sufficient specimens have been given to bear out the qualified assertions in its praise with which the series commenced. By quoting the original, I have enabled my readers, indeed, to judge for themselves, and I do flatter myself, that, whatever may have been said or thought of this *translation*, when viewed as a whole, the extracts so copiously brought forward in these essays, will adequately prove that they, at least, are not deficient in beauty, fidelity, and spirit; a result which, when the inequality of the work from which they have been quoted, and the oblivion into which it seemed to be falling, are taken into consideration, will render this attempt to recall into notice its better parts, an undertaking, I should hope, neither void of entertainment nor utility.

No. XVII.

The gentle bard by Fame forgotten.
JOHN SCOTT.

THE Miscellaneous Poems of Dr. Beaumont, of which, in No. IX., I have promised to take a further notice, were published at Cambridge in 1749, under the title of "Original Poems in English and Latin."

The latter, which occupy only about thirty pages, possess nothing remarkable either in relation to their matter or their manner, except that as specimens of classical purity of style, they will by no means stand the test of criticism. Their deficiency in this respect, indeed, has been apologised for by the Memorialist of his Life and Writings in the following terms:—"If in his style," says he, "he sometimes sinks below the purity of the *Augustan* age, it is to be remembered, that he had been long conversant with the ecclesiastical writers, and the later his-

torians; and therefore it is less to be wondered at, if the reader now and then meets with the harsh language of *Tertullian*, where he expected the happy elegancy of *Horace* or *Ovid*." *

The defect, however, is of vital importance in this department of composition, and as the subjects which he has chosen thus to clothe, are, with very few exceptions, of a trifling and uninteresting nuture, I shall content myself with but one extract, which I have selected, as it affords us, in the first place, a proof that these miscellaneous pieces, like the elaborate poem of Psyche, were written at Hadleigh; and, in the second, as it presents us with the only direct allusion to his native town and stream, which I have been able to discover in his writings. The poet is lamenting the apparently diminished affection of one of his dearest friends, and, in the conflict of his mind, he calls upon the Brett to witness to his sorrows:

Tu, Brette, pratis qui recreas sitim,
Tortisque furtim laberis atriis
Qui fallis Hadleiam fluentis
Quæ fugiunt remanentque semper

* Life prefixed, p. xxv.

Dic O! propinquis quot tua murmura
Vici querelis.

The English poems are justly said by the editor to possess the same general tendency which was conspicuously the aim of their author's whole life; that is, "to recommend a sincere love of virtue, and to express that awe of the Supreme Being, which ever filled his grateful and humble heart." * They partake, however, of the same faults which have, with respect to style, so deeply blemished the pages of his Psyche, though not in an equal degree; for they exhibit a greater perspicuity and chastity of diction, and a greater freedom from far-fetched conceits and colloquial familiarities. Their texture, indeed, being altogether of a lyric cast, and, therefore, void of narrative, may in some measure account for this; yet from the sixty-five quarto pages which are devoted to these compositions, I do not think it possible to extract more than eight or nine passages, which, in a poetic light, will be considered as reflecting credit on the memory of their author. If we

* Life prefixed, p. xxiii.

recollect, however, that from the folio of Psyche not more than eighteen specimens were deemed worthy of exhibition, the comparison will be greatly in favour of the smaller volume.

The collection opens with some stanzas entitled "Reasonable Melancholy," in the metrical construction of which there is a pleasing flow of melody, well adapted to the nature of the subject: The commencing and concluding stanza are more especially entitled to notice, as well for the philosophy of their sentiment as the poetry of their expression, and with these I shall gratify my readers.

Tell me no more of sweets and joys;
Miscall not things;
Nor flatter poor unworthy toys
As they were kings.
'Tis not a pretty name
That can transform the frame
Of bitterness, and cheat a sober taste.
'Tis not a smile
That can beguile
Good eyes, and on false joys true colours cast.

Come hither grief; one draught of thee
Will taste more sweet
Than all false joy's hypocrisy,
Which here doth greet
Deluded souls; one tear
Flows with more honey far
Than all *Hyblean* hives; one pious sigh
Breathes sweeter air
Than all the fair
Arabia, and can sooner reach the sky.

There is a moral and devotional charm pervading throughout the poetry of Dr. Beaumont, which tells us, in terms which cannot be mistaken, of the goodness of his heart, and of the fervor of his Christian faith. This is a feature which, whilst it induces us to overlook with tenderness many errors of taste, fixes us with a more than common interest on those parts of his writings which give a clear and unalloyed transcript of his thoughts and feelings. Thus, there can be little doubt from what we know of the tenor of his life, that the following piece of advice was drawn from an intimate and impartial acquaintance with the state of his own bosom:

Turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.
That's a close immured tower
Which can mock all hostile power.
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.
Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall:
In a cleanly sober mind
Heav'n itself full room doth find.
Th' Infinite CREATOR can
Dwell in it; and may not man?
Here content make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

In the same pleasing metre, and in a vein of piety at once rational and glowing, he has composed an address to heavenly love, under the title of *An Evening Hymn*, and which, as being nearly, if not altogether, free from any quaintness, as to style or imagery, I shall give entire.

Never yet could careless sleep
On Love's watchful eyelid creep;
Never yet could gloomy night
Damp his eye's immortal light:

Love is his own day, and sees
Whatsoe'r himself doth please:
Love his piercing look can dart
Thro' the shades of my dark heart,
And read plainer far than I,
All the spots which there do lie.
Pardon then what thou dost see,
Mighty Love, in wretched me:
Let the sweet wrath of thy ray
Chide my sinful night to day:
To the blessed day of grace
Whose dear *east* smiles in thy face.
So no powers of darkness shall
In this night my soul appall;
So shall I the sounder sleep,
'Cause my heart awake I keep,
Meekly waiting upon Thee,
Whilst thou deign'st to watch for me.

There is in these miscellaneous poems, notwithstanding the brief space they occupy, a large fund of ethical wisdom, and not seldom expressed in very forcible and emphatic terms. Their author appears, indeed, from the turbulent complexion of the times in which it was his fortune to live, to have acquired a knowledge of

men and manners, which in a calmer and more settled state of things would not probably have fallen to his share. He had experienced many of the vicissitudes which necessarily follow in the track of such a storm as then shook the fabric of national polity into ruins; he had felt the stings of adversity and persecution, he had had his portion of sunshine and of favour; and of the world as he had found it, beyond the pale and protection of his domestic *Cares*, he thus speaks:

THE WORLD.

Nay, now I'm sure my judgment's sound,
Since ripe experience is its ground.
Why, I myself have felt and seen
Thy tedious vanity,
Fond shameless world, and canst thou ween
I will for thee ev'n common sense deny?

Thou wear'st a beauteous skin, I grant;
And do the deadly serpents want
Those dangerous hypocrisies?
Or is the poison's soul
Less its curs'd self, because it lies
In the brave ambush of a golden bowl?

When *Israel's* and Wisdom's king
Did stoutly to the touchstone bring
Thy fairest pieces, did not they
Prove base and counterfeits?
Whose stamp tho' neat, and colour gay,
Their purest ore was but refined cheats.

And oh that I had been content
To rest on his experiment!
But since I at the cost have been
By thee deceived to be,
'Tis not another world could win
My heart to dote or trust on empty thee,

Go, fawn on those, whose frothy mind
Can solace in a bubble find,
And *Juno* in a cloud embrace;
Who by the lying paint
Which smiles upon their Idol's face,
Doubt not to count the beauties of their Saint.

With the same good sense, and just estimate of what is prized by the mass of mankind greatly beyond its intrinsic value, has he weighed, and found wanting, in the balance; many of those dazzling and seductive accomplishments which

have been but too often the handmaids of ambition, and have served but to render their possessor, either in a political or ecclesiastical light, the tyrant and enslaver of his species. Among these, no one has been wrested to worse purposes, or more effectually subserved the machinations of tyranny, hypocrisy, and superstition, than *eloquence*, whether flowing from the pen or tongue. In the latter capacity, indeed, it has done more mischief than the sword, and not only imposed upon, and led astray, the thoughtless and ignorant multitude, but, in numberless instances, the wise, the good, the great. To distrust, therefore, such a dangerous faculty, unless supported by a corresponding rectitude of conduct, should be the duty of every prudent man; and the following lines of our author, which inculcate the necessity for such caution in the most emphatic language, may be considered in the light of a salutary beacon. I would particularly call attention to the concluding stanza, as alike admirable for its force and perspicuity.

ELOQUENCE.

To speak or write
Things which dare meet the searching light,
Solid discourses pois'd with fit
Judgment, and trimm'd with handsome wit;
Sweet numbers, which can Pleasure's soul distil,
And thro' the willing heart their conquests thrill;

Words tuned by
The heavenly sphere's high melody,
Which with Devotion's music ring,
And the Creator's glory sing,
Words which with charming ravishment surprise,
And all the hearers' souls imparadise;

Is brave, I grant:
And yet no certain argument
But he who thus doth speak or write
May be a "son" of swarthy night;
Nor must we think to calculate of men
By the sole horoscope of tongue or pen.

That man for me,
Not in whose words, but deeds I see

Zeal's gallant flames. I dare not found
Substantial worth upon a sound:
His only is the solid excellence
Of rhetoric, whose life's his eloquence.

Yet whatever may have been the privations and disappointments which our author was condemned to experience, in consequence of the temporary overthrow of the constitution in church and state, we know that he waited the return of better times with faith, and charity, and *hope*; and the poems now before me, which were written during the gloomiest period of national anarchy, exhibit, in almost every page, proofs of this happy disposition, proofs not only of his piety and Christian forgiveness, but of that cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit which could only spring from a mind conscious of having acted well, and therefore at peace within itself. There are, in particular, four poems towards the conclusion of the series, entitled "The Times," "Idleness," "Hope," and "Content," which strongly mark this character of the man. From the *first* I give two stanzas, as affording an admirable lesson for those who,

without reforming themselves, complain of the badness of the times: the language, it is true, is simple and unadorned, but on that account, perhaps, only the more forcible and striking.

Why slander we the times?
What crimes
Have days and years, that we
Thus charge on them iniquity?
If we would rightly scan,
'Tis not the times are bad, but man.

If thy desire it be
To see
The times prove good, be thou
But such thyself, and surely know
That all thy days to thee
Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

The *third* on *Hope* is entitled, from its very subject, to a more poetical treatment, and it accordingly meets with it in the following very beautiful lines:

Bear up:
Yet still bear up: no bark did e'er
By stooping to the storm of fear
Escape the tempest's wrath;—

Hope, tho' slow she be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.
Hope is comfort in distress;
Hope is in misfortune bliss:
Hope in sorrow is delight;
Hope is day in darkest night:
Hope casts her anchor upward, where
No storm durst ever domineer.
Trust Hope, and be
Assured that she
Will bid thee welcome to security.

Against the violence of the tempest, indeed, which raged on all sides around him during a series of the most turbulent years which this country ever experienced, our poet possessed another resource, which, next to religion, has been found most efficient in reconciling man to the numerous evils which await him in this sublunary state; for we learn from the history of his life, that the affection of his friends and the love of his family were with him under all his afflictions and trials.

To this, in fact, the poems I am now noticing

bear testimony, in almost every page; for they speak of friendship and domestic enjoyment in language whose sincerity will scarcely admit of a doubt. He who was entitled from experience to record the first of these blessings in the subsequent terms, could not, under any circumstances, be deemed an unfortunate man:

Parental kindness cold may grow,
And filial duty cease to glow;
Ev'n matrimonial fervor may
Be chill, and faint, and die away:
But Friendship's resolute heat
With loyalty's eternal pulse doth beat.

But there is no production in the volume before me which so undisguisedly and decidedly unveils to us the amiable character of our bard, and the happiness which he felt by his own fire-side, as the second of two poems entitled "Home." There is an earnestness, a naïveté, in the language of this little piece, which must steal into every heart, and which brings before us, infinitely better than a more polished and elaborate diction would do, a distinct and glowing picture of the comforts which were wont to

cheer his humble roof. I know not, indeed, where, in so short a compass, can be found, throughout the whole range of English poetry, so warm and heart-felt an expression of domestic ease and relaxation.

Home's home, altho' it reached be
Thro' wet and dirt and night; tho' heartily
I welcomed was, yet something still,
Methinks, was wanting to fulfil
Content's odd appetite; no cheer,
Say I, so good as that which meets me here,

Here, here at home: not that my board
I find with quainter, richer dainties stor'd;
No, my high welcome all in this
Cheap simple word presented is,
My *Home;* a word so dearly sweet,
That all variety in it I meet.

When I'm abroad, my joys are so,
And therefore they to me seem strangers too:
I may salute them lovingly,
But must not too familiar be;
Some ceremonious points there are
Which me from pleasure's careless freedom bar.

But Home, sweet Home, releaseth me
From anxious joys, into the liberty
Of unsolicitous delight;
Which howsoever mean and slight,
By being absolutely free
Enthrones me in Contentment's monarchy.

To this poem on the blessings of his own fire-side, the last which I purpose selecting from the works of Dr. Beaumont, I shall now annex, as in some degree accordant with the subject of homefelt happiness, here so strikingly illustrated, a few Sonnets from my own pen, the offspring of feelings and circumstances of no unusual occurrence in the routine of social and domestic life.

SONNET I.

WOMAN.*

WHEN burns the Sun on his meridian height,
  No friend has he to share the lonely hour,
  Till, as he journies near his western bower,
Her step in meekness cloth'd and dewy light,
Forth comes the Moon in modest beauty bright,
  Her voice the love-lute, and her breath the flower:
  His heart is touch'd, he feels the tender power,
Owns her mild reign, and yields to her the night.

  So glare the fervors that around the brows
Of lonely youth a fiery splendour leave,
  Till WOMAN comes, to whisper blameless vows,
And bid the heart its perfect bliss receive:
To *her* we owe that of life's race, the close
Breathes the still sweetness of a moonlight eve.

* Written in a lady's album.

SONNET II.

TO MRS. DRAKE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

ONCE more the morn returns with joyous brow,
The smiling morn, that by my shelt'ring side
Placed thee a modest and contented bride,
That made me happy, and still finds me so!
Here, in the bosom of domestic ease,
Blest with thy love, thy approbation blest,
A cheerful mansion and a mind at rest,
With books, with leisure, and the wish to please,

Be it our task, our grateful task, to rear
The cherub boy, still prattling in our ear,
To deeds of virtue; may he so be taught,
That he shall feel, and value as he ought,
Beyond all other boons to mankind given,
A stainless conscience, and the smile of heaven!

September 8. 1810.

SONNET III.

TO MRS. DRAKE.

ROMANTIC Derwent! since to thy wild shore,
Near Matlock's tufted rocks and mineral cells,
The bridal partner of my breast I bore,
And scaled thy fringed slopes, and trod thy dells,
Four years have fled! To these sweet scenes once more
We will return; what time the sun-light dwells
Reclined on wood, or stream, or mountain hoar
At eve, and sound the distant village bells:

There, as we wander with our blithesome boy,
Where Derwent's desultory torrents roar,
Pleas'd shall we own the fears that erst our joy
Could temper in its bud, are felt no more:
Happy, my Love, that each succeeding day
Has fix'd that joy, but chas'd the fears away!

September 8. 1811.

SONNET IV.*

TO MRS. DRAKE.

Ah me! what days of sorrow and complaint,
What fever'd nights, by sleep or ease unblest,
What dread convulsions threat'ning to arrest
The falt'ring heart-pulse, tremulous and faint,
What pangs that mock the power of words to paint,
Have worn this frame, since last, in sweet smiles drest,
Return'd our nuptial morn, and swell'd each breast
With love and joy which no pale fear might taint!

For health once more this faded cheek reluming,
For hope soft-stealing on my anxious view,
For spirits bland their former seat resuming,
To Mercy throned, flow forth my thanks anew!
And next, my Love, for care thy nights consuming,
For countless aid, to thee this verse be due!

September 8. 1814.

* Written after the author had slowly recovered from a violent spasmodic affection of the heart.

SONNET V.

TO MRS. DRAKE.

" Hope comes to all :" so sang the bard sublime,*
 In strains that glow with fire, and breathe of heaven ;
And lo ! athwart the shades that changeful Time
 Hath o'er our fields of sun-shine darkly driven,
Steals from her laughing eye yon beams of light ;
 Yes, in kind mercy to our prayers are given
These cherubs sweet, and these, ere sinks our night,
 Shall soften and shall cheer the gloom of even :

These, when the stream of years hath lapsed away,
Dimm'd the shrunk eye, and turn'd our tresses gray,
Shall many a blessing round our dwelling shed ;
These, where the pale moon gleams our reliques nigh,
Trace our past love with many a deep-drawn sigh,
And bathe with frequent tears our lonely bed.

September 8. 1818.

* Milton.

SONNET VI.

ON RECEIVING FROM YORK A PROFILE OF MY MOTHER, IN THE 91ST YEAR OF HER AGE.

YES, these are features which I must revere
And love, whilst life shall last, and thought shall flow;
Features which bid in their prime freshness glow
Scenes of my youthful home, that now appear,
Through the long vista of each distant year,
Fair as the hues which live in yon bright bow
Spanning the arch of heaven! Features that bestow
Thoughts of parental love, how fond, how dear!

My mother! Time hath blanch'd thy tresses gray,
Nor with its wonted lustre gleams thine eye;
But spared, in mercy spar'd, thy mental day,
Nor touch'd one chord that bids the heart reply;
Dear God! how shall I with due fervor pay
Thanks meet for this great boon, ere yet I die!

Of the following stanzas I have only to observe, that they are the productions of a *very young* friend, in whose welfare I feel deeply interested.

They would not, however, have been inserted in these pages, had I not thought them possessed of some claim to approbation totally independent of any bias in their favour which, from relationship or personal affection, I might be conceived to entertain for them.

TO

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.,

ON READING HIS NARRATIVE ENTITLED "THE VALLEY OF THE RYE."

1.

O! THAT once more, sweet Rivaulx! I could view
Thy ruin'd abbey venerably gray,
Just as the setting sun, with fond adieu,
Flung o'er thine ivy'd walls his parting ray;
That, gazing on the spot, I then might say,
"Beneath this sacred turf there lie interr'd
"The bones of many, mightiest in their day:"
And musing thus, methought the scene recurr'd,
And pensive strains arose, more sad than night's sweet bird.

2.

They ceased, and all was still, except the breeze
That swept o'er moss-grown tower and mould'ring
stone,
And whistled thro' some hollow leafless trees
That grew alike forsaken and alone:
And now and then, by fits, a sullen moan
Would seem to issue from the cavern'd ground
Where rest the dead; and oft, in gentlest tone,
Responsive echoed that worn pile around,
Of falling waters near, a soft and gurgling sound.

3.

But hark! the same melodious notes once more
Returning, fill me with a pleasing dread,
As sepulchres and tombs slow murm'ring o'er,
They breathe a requiem for the hallow'd dead:
Again they vanish'd, and I fondly said,
" O ever shall this spot be held most dear,
" For old and blind the minstrel hither led,
" Waked his lorn harp; — e'en now that harp I
hear,
" And loved Lluellyn's lay still linger on mine ear."

No. XVIII.

No cloud
Of anger shall remain; but peace assured
And reconcilement.

MILTON.

No time was lost on the part of Shakspeare in carrying his plan into execution.* The next morning saw him on his way to London, having previously requested of Montchensey, that Helen, for reasons similar to those which had influenced him with regard to Hubert, might not be acquainted with the purport of his journey. He passed through Stratford, and Mrs. Hall, to whom, as being greatly attached to Helen, he communicated his views and wishes, accom-

* That Shakspeare's influence with his noble friends Southampton and Pembroke, and through them with the ministers of the day, was adequate to effecting what I have attributed to his interference, I have not the smallest doubt; especially when it is considered, that *James* himself was, at this period, proud of being thought the friend and patron of the poet of Macbeth.

panied him to town, anxious not only for the happiness of her young friend, but apprehensive lest her father's exertions, both of body and mind, should be too much for his strength.

His first object on reaching the capital was to obtain an interview with Lord Southampton, who had formerly, as we have already hinted, been intimate with the Nevilles, and had used what little interest he possessed with Elizabeth in behalf of the unfortunate Raymond. His Lordship was now, however, high in favour with King James; so far back as the 4th of June 1610, he had officiated as carver at the magnificent festival which was given in honour of young Henry's assumption of the title of Prince of Wales; and but two years before the present period, namely in the July of 1613, he had entertained his Majesty at his house in the New Forest, whither he had returned from an expedition to the continent, expressly for this purpose. Since then he had been present with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, at the siege of Rees, in the Dutchy of Cleve, and was, at the time of this visit of our poet to the metropolis, in the full zenith of his reputation, both as a

courtier and a patron of literature. His affection for Shakspeare was well known to be almost unbounded, and as soon as he had heard the very extraordinary narrative which the poet had to communicate, he pledged himself to do all in his power not only to ascertain the fate of Raymond Neville, but to procure, if possible, an ample pardon both for the father, and for him whom there was every reason to suppose his son.

With this view, having previously ascertained from Shakspeare's enquiries that the house through which Simon Fraser had been wont to receive his salary for the education of Hubert, knew nothing further of what had become of Neville, than that when they last heard of him, he was supposed to be at Paris, his Lordship immediately wrote to the English Ambassador at the Court of Louis the Thirteenth, or rather of the Regent Mary de Medicis; requesting that he would instantly make every search which the government and the police would allow him to institute, in order to discover if Raymond Neville, whom he mentioned as having

formerly been his friend, were still in being, and under what circumstances.

The result of this application was, that in a few weeks Lord Southampton received information, that Neville, of whose existence he had long despaired, had been discovered in a prison in the French metropolis, having been confined there better than two years for debt; an event scarcely to be wondered at when it was recollected that his estates in England had been confiscated, and that, in all probability, the uncertain profession of arms had been his sole source of revenue.

As the charge of a treasonable correspondence, however, had never been substantiated against Raymond Neville, it was no difficult task on the part of Lord Southampton, considering the length of time his friend had been a sufferer, to influence James in his favour; nor was his Majesty's inclination to mercy not a little strengthened when he learnt the extraordinary particulars connected with the fate of the exile, and that Shakspeare too, for whom he professed the highest admiration, was yet

more interested than even his Lordship in the success of the suit. He granted, therefore, and with great good will, a full pardon to both the father and the son, with an entire restoration of property to the former. The extension of mercy, however, to the wild associates with whom Hubert had been connected, was a proposition which demanded further consideration; but, after weighing all the circumstances of the case, and more especially the fact that they had lately assumed a character little differing from that of common deer-stalkers, an offence then viewed in a somewhat too venial light, and that many of them were very young men, and some even related to families of distinction in the country, this also was in a few days assented to, under the implied condition of instant and total dispersion.

Nothing more, therefore, was now requisite than to make arrangements for the liquidation of the debts of the elder Neville, a business which, under the reversion of the attainder, was speedily effected. Letters were then written to the prisoner, both by Southampton and

Shakspeare, and forwarded along with the gracious act of the English Monarch, to our Ambassador at Paris.

During these negotiations, which necessarily occupied several weeks, Shakspeare with his daughter Susanna resided in the house of his tenant John Robinson, near the Wardrobe in Blackfriars, property which the poet had purchased about two years before. Hence, from time to time, had he written to Eustace Montchensey, stating minutely the progress which Lord Southampton and himself had made in the task they had undertaken. As soon, however, as the last despatches had been forwarded to Paris, Shakspeare, at the particular desire of his friend Eustace, set off for Wyeburne Hall, having previously requested in their joint names, in the letter which he had written to Neville, that as soon as he had landed in England, he would, without stopping a day in the metropolis, hasten into Derbyshire.

The time, however, had passed pleasantly with our poet during his residence in London. His friends there, and no man had more, flocked round him with the heartiest greetings

and delight. With his late *fellows*, Hemynge, Burbage, and Condell, he spent many happy hours, not only at the Globe and Blackfriars, but at their respective houses in St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, Holywell Street, Shoreditch, and Fulham, where the recollection of the numerous very curious circumstances and events, both jocular and serious, which had chequered their dramatic career, furnished an almost inexhaustible fund for conversation. But, above all, was he gratified in again mingling with his old associates in the literary and poetical world, with Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne, and many others, at the Mermaid in Cornhill. This celebrated Club held several full and extra meetings on his account, and here were once more resumed those lively and interesting "wit-combats," of which Beaumont several years after, in his letter to Jonson from the country, says,

What things have we seen,
Done at the *Mermaid!* heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.

It was on the night previous to Shakspeare's departure from London, that he and Ben Jonson, having left the Mermaid together, at a somewhat late hour, the conversation naturally turned upon the friends whom the former was about to revisit Ben had been much struck, as we have seen, both with the manners and appearance of Helen Montchensey, on his late trip to Stratford, and now learning from Shakspeare, that owing to the late train of events, there would, in all probability, soon be a marriage feast at Wyeburne. "Body of me, my dear Will," he exclaimed, as he took his parting leave of the poet, "an there be a wedding at the Hall, you shall see me among the guests. Tell Master Montchensey, therefore, with my kind affections, that I have not forgotten his invitation, and that should he give away his bonny Helen this autumn, I will do my best to grace the nuptials."

After spending a day or two at New-Place on his route, Shakspeare was received at Wyeburne with the most sincere and heartfelt pleasure. Montchensey had passed, indeed, during the absence of his friend, a hurried and an

anxious time, nor was Helen, though ignorant of the precise object of Shakspeare's expedition to town, scarcely less uneasy or apprehensive; for she could not but infer from what had fallen under her observation previous to the poet's departure, and from what had since casually, and almost unconsciously dropped from her father's lips, during his moments of abstraction, that something of essential importance both to his happiness, and to that of Hubert's and her own, hung in the balance. Her only solace, in fact, had been that of unbosoming her sorrows to her beloved friend Agnes Clifford, to whom she sent a minute account of all that had happened since their visit to Stratford, intimating a wish at the same time that, should circumstances assume a more favourable aspect, Agnes would pay her annual visit at the Hall, whilst the Bard of Avon was yet with them.

Under this state of painful uncertainty at Wyeburne, whilst Montchensey was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Neville, and Helen knew not what to hope or dread, the cheerful countenance and engaging conversation of Shakspeare proved a cordial to their hearts. He

took, indeed, an early opportunity of whispering to Helen, without entering further into the affair, that in a few days he trusted all would be well, both at the hall and in the cottage. With Hubert, however, he deemed it necessary in one particular at least, to be more explicit, for he had his pardon, and that of his associates in his charge, and he much wished, that before Raymond Neville could reach Wyeburne, the dispersion of these freebooters could be effected. Simon Fraser, he understood, had been repeatedly with Montchensey during his absence, and had told him that Hubert, who often called at the cottage, was, he believed, seriously and earnestly engaged in endeavouring to bring over his companions to a subserviency to his views and wishes, a piece of information which induced Shakspeare, the morning following his arrival at the Hall, to pay an early visit to the good old man. He found Simon and his wife, delighted beyond measure at the sudden and entire alteration which had taken place in the sentiments and conduct of their dear child, as they fondly termed Hubert Gray, and ready.

almost to worship their friend Shakspeare as the author of so blessed a change.

"My worthy friends," exclaimed the poet, endeavouring to moderate their too warm expressions of acknowledgment, "thank not me, but Him of whom I am the humblest of instruments; and recollect I beseech you, that it is for one whom I have every reason to believe the son of my dear and long-lost companion, that I have been making these efforts."

The words "God bless you!" had just escaped the lips of the grey-haired minstrel, as about to reply, when the door of the room opening, there stood before them Hubert Gray. An exclamation of rapture and astonishment burst from the youth on beholding Shakspeare, and the next moment, throwing himself at the feet of the bard, he took his hand, and with a look in which the deepest anxiety was painted, he faintly uttered, "And have you found my parents?"

"Dearest Hubert!" replied the poet, raising him from the ground, whilst tears started in his eyes, "I would I could this moment fully

gratify your heart; but I can, however, venture to say, that a few days, a very few days, will now, I think, decide the question, and I do trust to our mutual satisfaction. In the meantime, my son, and as preparatory to the disclosure we are looking forward to, I present you with this, a full pardon from our most gracious sovereign for yourself and your associates, who are prepared, I hope, to avail themselves of the royal mercy with promptitude and thankfulness."

"With that generous enthusiasm my noble friend," returned Hubert, "which is sometimes found to burn with a pure and intense flame in the breasts even of the most lawless, these men have agreed to sacrifice their predatory habits for the welfare of their leader, and will, I have no doubt, on the sight of this instrument, immediately disperse; and though their wants and mode of life have been such as do not easily accord with the regular and even current of society, I am convinced their re-union is not to be apprehended, influenced as I know they will be, not merely by the consciousness of the signal vengeance which may follow any contempt

of this remarkable act of leniency, but by the honourably-felt necessity of preserving their good faith."

"Hasten then, my dear son," cried the poet, anxious to escape from the reiterated exclamations of gratitude which now burst forth from the lips of both Hubert and his foster parents, "hasten to arrange this business with those whom I am now happy to term your *late* associates, and returning hither as soon as possible, hold yourself in readiness to attend me at the Hall at a moment's notice." Saying this, and repeatedly acknowledging by his looks the blessings which followed his footsteps, he hurried from the cottage and its kind-hearted inhabitants, rejoicing that he had it now in his power to tell Eustace Montchensey that Hubert Gray was no longer a companion and chief of freebooters.

It was about noon on the fourth day after this meeting at the cottage of Simon Fraser, that as the family at the Hall were walking in one of the home plantations, Peter came with information, that a gentleman was just arrived as if from a long journey, and had asked to

speak with Master Shakspeare. "Show him into the library," cried Montchensey in evident agitation, whilst Shakspeare glancing a significant look at his friend, hastened after the servant.

It is scarcely necessary to say, after what has been made known to the reader, that this person was Raymond Neville. The two long separated friends embraced each other under emotions which would not for some time allow either of them to speak. At length Neville, collecting himself as it were with painful effort, exclaimed in a hurried tone, and with a look in which fear and hope were nearly equally blended, "Is Hubert Gray — is my son alive?"

"He is, and well!" returned Shakspeare, "and, let me add, that the question you have just asked, has afforded me nearly as much pleasure as even you can derive from the reply." And here he entered into a fuller detail than he had done in his letter to his friend, of what had occurred both in the family of Montchensey and of Simon Fraser, in consequence of the profound mystery which he, Neville, had preserved with regard both to his own existence and the parentage of Hubert, painting, in strong

colours, what had been, and still were, the danger and the sufferings of his son, of his sister, and of Montchensey. As soon as he had briefly done this, he rang the bell, and ordering the servant to tell his master that they should be glad to see him immediately. "Excuse me," he continued, "for thus hurrying you into the presence of Montchensey, but I am desirous, as he is apprised of your arrival, and anxious for admission, that he should be relieved as soon as possible from the torture of suspense."

At this moment, and as Neville was about to enquire further after his sister, Montchensey entered, and Shakspeare, pointing to the former as he advanced, and exclaiming at the same time, "The father of Hubert Gray!" he took a hand of each and united them. "May Heaven bless you both," he continued, "as this shall prove a pledge of lasting union!"

The solemnity of the appeal was such as might have influenced men much less inclined to reconcilement than were Eustace Montchensey and Raymond Neville; the former, indeed, had discovered his error almost immediately after its commission, but, though thoroughly

repentant of the deed, incidents had followed in its train which had ever since robbed him of all peace of mind; whilst the latter, owing to a singular combination of circumstances, had remained totally ignorant of the real cause of Montchensey's attack upon him, until a casual mention of it in the letter which he had just received from Shakspeare, suddenly unveiled the truth, and placed before him the folly and enormity of his conduct, which, by suffering the malignant passion of revenge to sway his breast, had deprived him of an early opportunity of ascertaining the fact, and had, as its bitter consequence, plunged not only himself and his imagined betrayer, but his sister and his son, into countless misery and distress.

When, therefore, Montchensey, recalling to his recollection his disastrous mistake, began to implore the forgiveness of his brother-in-law, the latter instantly interrupted him by saying, "Seek not forgiveness from me, my dear Eustace, who have much more reason to ask it from yourself." "Indeed!" cried the astonished Montchensey, "in what way? for I had ever thought you more sinned against than sinning,

and this assertion, I confess, excites my wonder even more than did your sudden and unaccountable disappearance immediately after our last unhappy meeting."

"You shall judge for yourselves, my friends," replied Neville, "for I will unbosom myself unto you without reserve. Your past sufferings, Eustace, call for the avowal; and the unparelleled exertions of our great benefactor here, as amiable in his virtues as he is unequalled in his talents, have a like demand upon my confidence."

"Thou hast not forgotten, friend Neville, I perceive," said the poet smiling, "thy wonted love for panegyric; but proceed, I prythee, with thy narrative, and let us hear by what marvellous means, by what wizard art, thou wert able, lodged as it were in the arms of death, to vanish from all eyes, to escape from all enquiry."

"You will doubtless recollect, my friends," continued Neville, "the charge so falsely and so maliciously brought against me during the last campaign of Essex in Ireland, a charge which, owing to circumstances springing from my unfortunate attachment to the daughter of Tyrone, admitted of so plausible a colouring, as

to close the ear of Elizabeth, then irritated by the failure of the expedition, to all representations in my favour. In short, I was compelled to fly for my life; but wishing, before I bade a final adieu to Britain, to see Bertha, and to entrust her with the care of my child, I came hither, though under the most imminent risk of detection, and contrived through the agency of two faithful servants, who followed me cautiously, and by agreement, from Ireland, and were natives of the country, to apprise Bertha of my situation, and to appoint a day and hour for our meeting.

"So closely, indeed, was I pursued by mine enemies, at the head of whom was the wretch who had formerly addressed my sister, that I did not dare to make myself known even to Simon Fraser, though assured of his fidelity, lest I should bring ruin upon his head. A similar motive, together with the circumstance that I knew you not personally, whilst I was moreover aware that you differed widely from me in politics, induced a similar resolution with regard to yourself, and has laid, in fact, the foundation of all our mutual misery.

"Think then, thus situated, thus dogged, as it were, by blood-hounds, what must have been my feelings, as alarmed by the exclamation of Bertha, who called out in terror the name of her husband, I beheld you, Montchensey, rushing sword in hand upon me, and branding me as you came forward with the name of villain! The first idea which flashed upon my mind was, that you had become an instrument in the hands of my persecutors, a prepossession which, on recovering from the state of insensibility in which I had been left by the issue of the contest, was encouraged by the presence of those who then surrounded me, and who, I soon learnt, were the officers of justice. They had traced me, I understood, to Wyeburne, had followed me to the place of interview with Bertha, and had found me weltering in my blood. Their first object, as soon as they discovered that life was not extinct, had been to convey me to some distance from Wyeburne, lest a rescue should be attempted. It was here, in a mean hovel, and in one of the most secluded glens of this mountainous district, that I gradually recovered my strength, though not with-

out being tracked by the ingenuity and perseverance of my Irish followers. These faithful servants, or rather friends, as I might more properly term them, had, after hunting out my place of detention, watched night and day for an opportunity of liberating me from the fangs of my gaolers. They were not able, however, to effect their purpose, until having recruited sufficient strength to enable me to travel, on the second day of my removal from the cottage, as we were passing through a wood towards the dusk of the evening, and one of the three officers who attended me had lingered behind, he was suddenly attacked by these brave fellows, wounded, and disarmed, before his companions could come to his assistance. I need scarcely add, that arms having been thrown to me by one of my servants, I gave them every aid in my power, and we finally succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in disabling our opponents, leaving them in a state which would at least preclude them, for a long time, from all possibility of pursuit.

"The first enquiry, which I made of my liberators, who had remained for some days at

Wyeburne after my seizure, was as to what had circulated there relative to myself and Montchensey, and I was rejoiced to find that though the disappearance of the wounded man had excited a great and general surprise, my name had not transpired, hushed up, as I presumed, by the care and caution, and injunction of my opponent. They further told me, that the grief and remorse of Montchensey, under the firm persuasion that he had slain the stranger, was reported to be extreme, allowing him scarce a moment's peace night or day; a piece of information which, at first, I could not credit, so unaccountable did it appear to me that the man who had evidently sought my life, should feel regret at the success of his attempt. Subsequent enquiry, however, made not only previous to my leaving England, but for years after reaching the continent, left me no doubt as to the fact, and I now shudder to record, that I enjoyed a malignant spirit of revenge in employing every effort to prevent a knowledge of my existence ever mitigating the sufferings of my supposed betrayer.

"It was in furtherance of this unchristian-like

design, that, when just before my bidding farewell to my native land, as I then thought for ever, I wished to place my little Hubert under the care of Simon Fraser, the only individual whom I could then trust with such an office, I represented him not only as the son of a friend, but charged Simon, as he valued my safety, nay, my very existence, never to mention my name in the transaction, nor even to hint that he knew I was in being, requiring from him a promise to this effect, under the most solemn and sacred obligations. Indeed by no one, save this faithful retainer of my father's house, my banker, of whose silence I was well assured, and my friend Shakspeare here, was I known to be surviving; and the latter, in the only letter which he received from me many years ago, was enjoined, under the same plea of personal security to myself, a like degree of secrecy as to the fact of my existence. And what has been the result of this plan? What, but in as far as it has been founded on implacable revenge, misery to myself and all my connections!"

"For myself alone, Raymond," exclaimed Montchensey, "as deeply repentant of the error

I committed, and which may be said, indeed, to have laid the foundation of our misfortunes, much as I have suffered, I can freely forgive you. But what shall I say for my poor Bertha! I would fain hope you were ignorant that your imagined death, under the circumstances in which it was conceived to have taken place, was the sole cause of her affliction?"

"You do me but justice in the supposition," replied Neville, "for most assuredly had I known this to have been the case, the spirit of revenge, powerfully as I felt its influence within me, would have yielded to fraternal affection; but here, as in every thing else connected with this disastrous business, I was destined, as a due punishment for my folly, to be the unconscious architect of ruin to my own family; for as neither Simon Fraser, nor any one in the village of Wyeburne, had the smallest idea of my identity with the wounded and missing stranger, nor any certain information with regard to the nature or cause of my sister's indisposition, the whole transaction, indeed, and its melancholy consequences, being, for obvious reasons, concealed as much as possible within the limits of the

Hall, I had only a vague, and that a mistaken, idea of Bertha's malady, which was attributed by Fraser, and, as I understood, by the whole of the neighbourhood, to jealousy on the part of her lord."

"The history of yourself, and your brother-in-law, my friend," remarked Shakspeare, addressing Neville, "holds out a striking exemplification of the retributive justice of Providence; for whilst indulging the implacability of your disposition, you have been unconsciously recommending the poisoned chalice to your own lips! whilst, on the other hand, the misguided fury of Montchensey, and his unworthy suspicions of his lady, have been followed, on his part, by domestic infliction of the heaviest kind, and by years of protracted remorse! But you have yet to tell us, Raymond," continued the poet, "what befel you after your escape to France, and how it has happened that, notwithstanding such numbers of your countrymen must have visited that kingdom, during the long period of your exile there, you have never been recognised."

"Sick of the world," rejoined Neville, "and

anxious only to fly from all probability of recognition, I immediately entered into the military service of Henry the Fourth, who, although the friend and firm ally of Elizabeth, was interested in my behalf through the mediation of Sully, to whom I had been well known during a former residence in Paris, and who, convinced of my innocence, favoured my views, and sent me to a distant colony, where first in a military, and afterwards in a civil capacity, I passed the greater part of my exile, regularly remitting, through a confidential medium, such a portion of my salary as I conceived sufficient for the education of my child. The death of Henry, however, in 1610, deprived me of this situation, and, of course, of all the resources connected with it, and returning soon afterwards to Paris, I gradually got into pecuniary difficulties, and finally into a prison."

Montchensey was about to make some comment on this detail, when Peter entering, informed Shakspeare, with a significant look, that one wished to speak with him in the breakfast-room. Here, in fact, the poet found his young friend Hubert Gray, to whom, on the arrival of

Neville, he had contrived instantly to despatch the faithful old groom, intimating a wish to see him immediately at the Hall, an errand which Peter undertook with peculiar alacrity and good will, for Hubert had been a great favourite with him, and, indeed, with the whole household.

The astonishment, the eager and almost breathless emotion, with which this enthusiastic young man listened to Shakspeare's account of his father and his father's house, more especially when the poet concluded by informing him that he was then under the same roof with his parent, it would be no easy task to delineate. It was, indeed, with great difficulty that he could prevent him instantly rushing, in the first wild tumult of delight, into his father's presence. "Spare, Hubert," he exclaimed, "spare the feelings of your parent; he is not yet aware of your being in the house, and, totally unprepared as he is, a sudden disclosure might be too much for a frame weakened by anxiety, fatigue, and long imprisonment. Suffer me to precede you, though but for a few minutes." He then hastened to the library, and briefly announced to his friend Neville, that Hubert was waiting

for admission. Montchensey and Shakspeare then almost immediately afterwards quitted the apartment, and, in the next moment, the father and son were locked in each others arms!

(*To be continued.*)

No. XIX.

"Farewell," great Bard! rare gift to mortal men!
Which earth ne'er saw before, nor e'er will see
again! WHITER.

It was not until after a considerable time had been left for the indulgence of emotions which words can but faintly describe, that Montchensey and Shakspeare re-entered the room, the former leading by the hand his beautiful daughter, whilst the latter stood a silent but delighted spectator of happiness in which, as having been, in a great measure, its creator, he could not but largely participate. An exclamation of rapture burst from the lips of Hubert Neville, for so we must now call him, on perceiving his lovely cousin, whilst in the eyes of Helen joy sparkled amid tears, for she had been told of what had passed, and what was passing, and her heart had deeply felt the influence of the story.

"My dear Hubert," said Montchensey, offering the youth his hand, "it is with heartfelt pleasure I again welcome you to Wyeburne Hall: let us mutually forget what may have hurt the feelings of each of us; and accept my warmest congratulation on the very important discovery which, through the kind offices of our great and good friend here, to whom we are all so largely indebted, you have this day been enabled to make. Providence, indeed, seems to have conducted him hither as an instrument to us all of its choicest benevolence; from *my* heart he has removed a load which had pressed it to the earth for years, and, could I but see my unhappy Bertha restored to society, I should have nothing to wish for on this side the grave. And here," he continued, placing the hand of his daughter in that of Raymond Neville, "behold the very image of your sister!—She has been to me, under every vicissitude and distress, a ministering angel, and will, I have no doubt, prove to us a bond of peace and union."

The eyes of Raymond Neville had been, in

fact, rivetted on Helen, from the moment she entered the room; for he seemed to see Bertha embodied before him in all her youth and beauty. He took her hand, therefore, with feelings of peculiar gratification; "She is, indeed," he exclaimed to Montchensey, "the perfect counterpart of my unfortunate sister, as once I knew her. Ah! would to heaven, my dear young lady," he added, whilst a tear dropped on the hand that trembled within his, "that your poor mother could be but a witness of this scene!"

Scarcely had the wish escaped his lips, when, to his utter astonishment, Bertha entered the room. There was a wildness in her look, but in every other respect the expression of her countenance was singularly pleasing for she had been remarkably handsome in early life; and though her features were now pale and emaciated, neither loveliness nor grace had deserted them, whilst her long, flowing hair, which seemed to have been carefully arranged, gave a touching sweetness to their effect. She was singing a little plaintive ditty as she entered, but the notes were instantly arrested on be-

holding the party. For a moment she cast her eyes around her, lost, as it were, in amazement, but the next instant fixed them intently on the countenance of her brother, appearing delighted at the thought of seeing him alive. The impression, however, was unfortunately very transient; for, almost immediately afterwards, her features assuming an expression of indescribable horror, she ran into a corner of the room, hiding her face with her handkerchief, and screaming out that Raymond was come from his grave to haunt her. It was at this crisis that Shakspeare, who had watched with great anxiety the effect of the scene, withdrew Raymond Neville to a distant part of the library, and, after a few minutes' conversation with him, he addressed a single word to Montchensey, who immediately left the apartment, accompanied by Shakspeare, his daughter, and Hubert.

Raymond Neville thus left alone with his sister, endeavoured, by every soothing means, to solicit her attention, and so far succeeded, that she once more looked upon him with an expression of delight. He then ventured gently, and almost imperceptibly, to place her arm

within his; and taking her, without any resistance on her part, into the garden, which immediately adjoined the library, he began to relate to her some of the principal incidents which had occurred to him during their long separation. This roused her attention; she became interested, and, encouraged by this favourable appearance, he entered with the utmost circumstantiality into the history of himself and his misfortunes; not only mentioning what had befallen him on the Continent, but purposely dwelling on those incidents and family affairs which had preceded their last unfortunate meeting, and which he knew had been deeply imprinted on her mind, minutely relating, at the same time, his recovery from his wounds, his capture, and subsequent escape. These were topics which seemed to restore him to her in all his personal identity; and so much did she appear disengaged from the influence of her former illusion, that, conceiving he had gotten entire possession of her mind, he ventured to ask her, in a jocular manner, if she did not think him very communicative for a ghost. She looked at him archly and laughed, when instantly,

withdrawing her from the subject, he again began to discourse on domestic concerns, spoke affectionately of Montchensey, and Helen, and Hubert Gray; acknowledging the latter as his son; a piece of intelligence which evidently afforded her peculiar delight.

It was at this precise moment that Shakspeare, with Montchensey, Hubert, and Helen, joined them as if by accident, and were beyond measure gratified in observing the calmness, and even cheerfulness, with which Bertha received them, and entered into conversation; the change, indeed, appeared all but miraculous, considering the suddenness of its accomplishment, and the length of time to which she had been a prey to the most oppressive melancholy. To Shakspeare, in particular, whose unexampled kindness to her family had been mentioned by Raymond in the terms which it merited, she paid the most marked attention, giving him her hand with a look that spoke the depth of her feelings, whilst tears of gratitude trickled down her cheeks. Indeed, had she known the full extent of her obligations to this great master of the human mind, the sense of it might have

been too much for a frame delicate as hers, and which had just undergone a severe and agitating trial; for we have to inform our readers, that it was under Shakspeare's suggestion and arrangement that the fortunate experiment we have just recorded had been made. By his express wish he had been admitted to the presence of Bertha for some days previous to the expected arrival of Raymond Neville, and had cautiously communicated to her the intelligence of her brother's existence; but nothing seemed to shake her firm conviction that he was no more; that her conduct had occasioned his misfortunes and his death; and that she was nightly visited by his accusing spirit. Perceiving, after repeated trials, that neither argument nor persuasion availed aught, but rather irritated and confirmed her in her belief, he recommended to Montchensey the plan of a sudden excitement, of a sudden recall of the intellect to its former imagery and associations, an experiment which we have seen succeeded so completely as to disperse the mental hallucination like a dream. . . .

It was still to be apprehended, however, that the advantage thus rapidly acquired might not

be permanent, and it became necessary, therefore, to watch, and instantly to counteract, the smallest aberration; and, in fact, notwithstanding Raymond Neville spent much of his time with her, frequently dining and passing the day in her own apartment, yet would the illusory ideas for the first fortnight often recur. They became, however, gradually more faint and transient, and at the end of a month, after years of partial seclusion, she once more returned to her place in the family circle.

Content and cheerfulness unalloyed now reigned at Wyeburne Hall, and beneath the cottage of Simon Fraser; and Shakspeare saw himself surrounded by those on whom, under Providence, he had been the means of conferring health and peace, liberty and happiness. Obligations great as these, might have been felt, indeed, almost oppressive from any hand save that of Shakspeare; but from him the blessing came doubled by the mode in which it was bestowed; so entirely did it seem the result of pure goodness of heart, unmixed with any sense of conscious superiority. He sate among them, indeed, with all the simplicity of the most un-

pretending of mankind, yet not without exciting, at times, that sense of grateful awe, which we might suppose to be felt from the presence of a being of beneficence and intelligence beyond the lot of humanity; for when the vast range and depth of his intellectual and imaginative powers were considered, and these were contrasted with the sweetness, the gentleness, and simplicity of his disposition and manners, he appeared to be lifted a step above his species; yet were these latter qualities so openly and perpetually called into play, that any humiliating feeling of superiority was lost in a cherished affection for the man. There was that, in short, about Shakspeare which rendered him peculiarly delightful to the young, the ingenuous, and the unaffected; and, indeed, so strong was the expression of benevolence and kindness depicted in his countenance, that it uniformly attracted even the notice of children, whose paradise it was to play about his knees, and struggle for his approving smile.

That he should be, therefore, almost idolized at Wyeburne Hall, cannot, after what has been related, seem strange, nor that he should be in

a more especial manner an object of enthusiastic love and admiration both to Hubert and Helen. Indeed, long and secretly attached as these young people had been to each other, and favoured as that attachment now was, by the approbation of all parties, it yet appeared as if their approaching happiness could not be complete, unless their admirable friend were present to witness it; and it was accordingly agreed, that their union should take place before he left the Hall.

We have now, therefore, to add, that in consequence of this determination, preparations for the joyful occasion were immediately commenced; nor among the few friends who were invited must we omit to record that Ben Jonson was not forgotten. He arrived on the day preceding the ceremony, and only a few hours after Agnes Clifford and her sister, who were destined to be the bridemaids.

Never had Wyeburne beheld a day of such rejoicing as the ensuing morning ushered in. Every eye in the village sparkled with delight, for Hubert and Helen had been the favourites of all, and blessings without number were now

showered down upon the heads of the young couple, as they were seen, attended by a numerous train of relatives and friends, coming forward on the banks of the stream to the beautifully situated little church of Wyeburne. It was one of the finest mornings in October, and it gave no small additional satisfaction to the honest peasantry to perceive one whom they had ever looked up to with pride and pleasure, their worthy neighbour Simon Fraser, taking such an honourable station amongst the gentlefolks from the Hall, for he was pacing with heedful step, but gleeful eye, near him whom he had long regarded as his own, his beloved Hubert. Nothing, indeed, could well surpass the gratification of the good old man; for not only was his heart at rest with regard to the happiness and future well-being of his child, as he fondly termed the younger Neville, but it glowed with all a minstrel's fire, when Shakspeare, whom he had long venerated as the first of bards, quitting the side of Ben Jonson, approached him with the familiarity of friendship, and offered him the assistance of his arm. A finer subject, in short, for the pencil of Rem-

brandt, could not be imagined than were the heads of the aged harper and the matchless dramatist, at this moment of mutual courtesy; for the thin and silver tresses of the former, just lifted by the morning breeze, shone brightly in the sun-light, as he cast his eyes beaming with grateful enthusiasm on the manly, open, and benevolent countenance of Shakspeare, on whose features dwelt a smile of the most ingenuous sweetness, whilst the hair of the latter, yet untouched by time, and of an auburn tint, hung thickly clustering round his neck, and showed a perfect contrast to the hoary ringlets of his venerable companion.

A picture of a different kind, and one which to the *general* eye could not fail to be equally, if not still more engaging, was presented by the youthful bride and bridegroom as they returned together from the church. It would have been impossible, indeed, not to have viewed with something approaching to rapture, forms so well calculated to excite a deep interest in every bosom, even independent of those numerous associations which endeared them beyond measure to by far the greater part of all who were

now looking on. Every eye, in truth, seemed fixed with delight on the spirited and gallant bearing of Hubert, on the graceful, delicate, and highly beautiful figure of Helen; and as for poor Morley, who had been allowed to join the party on its return from the village, he seemed absolutely beside himself with joy, nor could any thing repress his open declaration of it in his own peculiar way: for he struggled to get near to Helen, and bounding before with rapturous glee, he would ever and anon look back, and exclaim, from his store of recollected fragments,

> Her eyes, God wot, like diamonds arre,
> I durst be sworne eche is a starre,
> As clear and brighte as wont to guide
> The pilot in his winter tide:

and immediately addressing those who were near him, would he add,

> From toppe to toe yee may her see,
> Timber'd and tall as cedar tree,
> Whose statelye growth exceedeth farre
> All that in frithe and forrest arre:

and, when any one, through a love for teasing him, which was but too often the amusement of the villagers, appeared to doubt the truth of his encomium, his indignation would burst forth in the following series of comparisons:

Set rubye rich to red emayle,
The raven's plume to peacock's tayle,
Laye me the larke's to the lyzard's eye,
The duskye clowde to the azure skye;
Sett shallowe brookes to surging seas,
An orient pearl to dun-white pease,
Matche camell's hayre to satten silke,
And aloes with the almonde milk;
So shall, I wot, those maids seem faire
Who would with my sweet bird compaire.

It seemed scarcely possible, in short, to exceed the gaiety and satisfaction which pervaded all ranks on this happy occasion, from the master of Wycburne Hall to the humblest of his retainers in the person of the simple but honest Morley. Mirth and festivity formed the business of the day, indeed, for more than a week, nor was there an individual throughout the valley, that was not warranted, for this

period at least, in the dismissal of all that might involve either labour or care.

As for the roof of Eustace Montchensey, it seemed transformed into the very temple of wit and pleasantry; and with such officiating high priests as Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, might this be a subject of wonder. It was a scene, indeed, peculiarly well relished by the taste and talents of the latter; for beauty, youth, and hilarity were around him, and the sack and Rhenish of Wyeburne Hall were, in point of raciness and flavour, beyond compare. Yet sparkling and high-seasoned as were the jokes and repartees of Rare Ben, there was sometimes a coarseness and bitterness about them which inflicted on their object a more than momentary pang, whilst the sallies of Shakspeare, keen and effervescent as they frequently were, had so much of naïveté and kind feeling mixed up in their composition, that even when productive of the heartiest laugh, the individual rendered immediately contributive to this effect, was, if present, the one beyond all others, perhaps, most ready and willing to join in the jest.

In fact, the example of these celebrated men,

who were not only witty themselves, but the cause of wit in others, might be said to have given birth to a competition of conversational pleasantries throughout the entire household of Montchensey; and when these flagged, masques, and pageantry, and spectacle, were called in, in the getting up of which, the imagination and technical skill of the two bards were exerted with a power of illusion which seemed to achieve wonders.

So delighted, indeed, were all parties with the generous and almost boundless hospitality which were displayed at Wyeburne Hall on this re-union of the two families, that it became a task of some difficulty to tear themselves away from their attractions. Shakspeare was the last who departed, and he left Wyeburne with a thousand benedictions on his head for the noble, generous, and unequalled efforts which he had made, and successfully made too, for the welfare and preservation of its inmates; and not without a promise, on the part both of the Nevilles and Montchenseys, that they would not fail to visit him at New-Place during the ensuing May.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that this promise was never fulfilled; for in the April of the following year, and on the same day with his great contemporary Cervantes, died our matchless and immortal bard. The event, as it was entirely unapprehended by his friends at Wyeburne, having never been, apparently, in better health and spirits than during his residence there, proved to them a shock of the most severe and trying kind; for they had ample reason, as we have fully shown, to love and venerate Shakspeare, not only in common with the rest of the world, but from a heart-felt consciousness of great personal obligation; and they were, in fact, meditating how best, in their intended visit to Stratford, they should express their continued sense of gratitude, when the mournful news arrived.

There were few events, indeed, which could have thrown a deeper cloud over the happiness of Wyeburne than the death of Shakspeare, nor one that was likely to leave a more permanent impression of regret and sorrow. Not many weeks, in fact, were suffered to elapse, before Montchensey, together with Hubert and

Helen, who had not yet left the Hall, determined on an expedition to Stratford, not only with a view of mingling their grief with that of the bereaved family of the poet, but in order to ascertain what circumstances had accompanied or preceded a deprivation so truly to be deplored; and to indulge, at the same time, a melancholy luxury in visiting the tomb of their beloved friend.

It was on the evening of a fine day in June, about two months after the death of the bard, when they reached Stratford, and found the whole town still lamenting the irretrievable loss which they had sustained. Their first object was to see Dr. Hall, from whom they expected to acquire all the information they were in search of. As might be imagined, their unexpected appearance opened afresh the tide of grief which was but just beginning to subside, and Mrs. Hall especially, whose love and admiration of her father had been almost unbounded, seemed nearly overcome by the intensity of her own emotions. As soon, however, as the first burst of agonizing sorrow was over, both she and her husband appeared to enjoy a

mournful gratification in relating some of the particulars which had occurred during the short struggle which had terminated the life of their invaluable relative.

Dr. Hall said he had been extremely puzzled to give any satisfactory account, either of the name or character of the disease, which had so prematurely robbed the world of one of its greatest ornaments. "I think I told you," he continued, addressing Montelersey, "when we met last year at the College, that our friend had been subject ever since his great and humane exertions, during the dreadful fire here of 1614, to the occasional attack of an obscure, and for the most part, a transient affection of the chest, especially after any more than usual fatigue, either of body or mind; but as no man possessed a more easy and cheerful disposition, or was, on every account, more deservedly at peace within himself, whilst, at the same time, his exercise and mode of living were, in general, regular and uniform, these were of rare occurrence, and in the intervals he was in apparent good health. He had returned, indeed, from W eburne, looking, to our great gratification,

uncommonly well and hearty, and had passed through the winter with only two slight attacks of his singular complaint, and those of but a few hours' duration. In the spring, however, and only a week previous to his death, he had gotten cold, in consequence of exposure to wet and considerable fatigue, incurred in behalf of a friend for whom he had felt much anxiety; and these united causes brought on an attack, which from the first put on an alarming appearance, and which, setting at defiance all that myself and another physician from Warwick could suggest for his relief, terminated the life of our dear patient, in less than eight and forty hours from its commencement.'

"And were his mental faculties preserved to him?" said Montchensey, after a pause of considerable length.

"It was an unspeakable happiness to us all," replied Mrs. Hall, "that my dear father retained not only his mind, but its perfect composure to the last moments of his existence. He had made his will about a month before, so that nothing relative to his worldly affairs could give him any disturbance; and though

he was convinced, as he told us, from the first, by his own sensations, that he should not live, and occasionally suffered much pain, and, throughout, extreme languor and faintness, his cheerfulness, and, above all, his resignation, never forsook him.

At this moment Mrs. Hall was interrupted by the entrance of the worthy vicar of Stratford, the Rev. Thos. Rogers, who had returned that morning from London, and who had called upon the Doctor to state, that he had, according to his wishes, seen Stanton the sculptor, who had promised, as soon as he was free from his present numerous engagements, to undertake the monument which he, Dr. Hall, purposed erecting to the memory of his father-in-law.

"I am happy to tell you, my friends," said the Doctor, addressing Montchensey, Hubert Neville, and his lady, "that, I trust, I shall be able to transmit to posterity a faithful resemblance of our admirable townsman; for I have had a cast taken from his features, and, as his illness was very short, and neither distortion nor emaciation were its consequences, it will present him to the world, provided Stanton

does but justice to his model, with a great portion of that sweetness, benignity, and intelligence of expression, which was wont to animate his countenance, and delight all who approached him.

"Ah! would to heaven, you could perpetuate," cried Hubert Neville, with eager emotion, "a portion also of his genius and his talents; but, to adopt his own emphatic language, '*we ne'er shall look upon his like again!*' It would, however," he continued, "be a great satisfaction to myself, to my Helen, and her father, could we be permitted, ere the sun goes down, to visit the spot where you have laid all that remains of our beloved friend, to me, indeed, a more than father!"

"I will be your conductor," said the Vicar; "for though it is a melancholy office, it is one likewise which can never fail to be productive of many great and useful, and ennobling emotions." "I also will accompany you," said the Doctor; "but as for you, Susanna," he added, turning to Mrs. Hall, who had been for some time meditating such an attempt, "I am afraid, my love, you are not yet equal to the task." And he

uttered these words, in a somewhat hesitating manner, Mrs. Hall burst into tears, and Helen, whose heart felt tenderly interested for her, took her hand, and they left the room together.

"I do not wonder," remarked the Vicar, addressing Dr. Hall, "that your lady should still continue thus deeply afflicted; for, I believe, no father ever loved a daughter more affectionately than did Shakspeare his Susanna; nor did ever daughter, I will venture to affirm, more truly and correctly estimate the extraordinary worth and talents of a parent than Mrs. Hall. I have often thought, indeed, that she might have adopted, in reference to him, the touching language of the amiable Ruth, and have said, 'Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!'"

There was something in these observations of the aged Vicar which seemed peculiarly to affect all present, and it was not until they had come within sight of the hallowed fabric which protected the remains of the poet, that the silence was materially broken. Then it was that the singularly solemn aspect of the church,

venerable and magnificent in its architecture, situated on the very margin of the Avon, and in the centre of an extensive cemetery, embosomed as it were in a grove of lofty elms, and approached through a long avenue of lime trees, drew from Montchensey and his son-in-law, repeated exclamations of deep feeling and admiration. "How awful, yet how beautiful, is this sacred pile!" said the former, as they entered the buttressed and embattled porch which forms the north entrance into the nave, "and how worthy of being the depository for the ashes of our immortal bard!"

They now, preceded by the Vicar, traversed the building in deep silence, and on entering the chancel, whose lofty and highly-finished windows, filled with stained glass, shed a rich but sombre light over the whole choir, every earthly emotion, every thought save what was prompted by religious feeling and the solemn import of their visit, seemed to die within them. "Beneath yonder flag," said the Vicar, pointing to one somewhat remarkably distinguished, at the moment, by a setting sun-beam lingering

on its site, " rests all that can perish of our beloved Shakspeare !"

They drew near, and, after an unbroken pause of some minutes, during which more than one tear was heard to fall upon the stone which covered his remains, Mountchensey read, though in a somewhat tremulous voice, the four following lines, which he found inscribed upon its surface:

Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

" This rather singular inscription," remarked the Vicar, as soon as Mountchensey had ceased reading, " was written by our friend, and at his request placed upon his grave, in order, if possible, to protect it from a violation to which many of the tombs in this church, I am sorry to say, have been for ages subjected, and which however custom may have reconciled it to the general mind, we viewed with abhorrence. You perceive that ornamented door on your left hand, it opens into a Saxon crypt or charnel-

house, which, from its appearance, is probably the most ancient part of our venerable fabric; and hither, from a remote period, has it been usual from time to time to remove the bones of the dead from the grave which they had long tenanted. An instance of the kind, if I recollect aright, fell under the cognizance of him who now sleeps beneath our feet, and the impression arising from the melancholy spectacle was such as to suggest the petition, the blessing, and the imprecation which you have just repeated."

"That they will have their due influence with posterity," exclaimed Hubert Neville, "there can be no doubt, for who, knowing this to be the grave of Shakspeare, will dare to violate such an asylum."

"The monument which we purpose erecting to his memory," said Dr. Hall, "will, of course, point to this stone as covering his remains. It will be placed immediately over it, against this north wall of the chancel, and the bust, which is to constitute its most important part, will, I flatter myself, carry to a remote age the express image and features of his person."

"It is of yet greater importance," remarked the Vicar, raising himself from the posture of meditation in which he had been for some time absorbed, "that to distant times it should be known that our admirable friend, gifted as he was beyond all the sons of men, was, on principle, and after due enquiry, a firm believer in the truths of our holy religion. I am anxious, therefore, to record, whilst we are thus standing over the yet warm ashes of the poet, and I would fain hope the attestation may be as durable as his own fame, that no man ever left the world with a spirit more humble or resigned, or with one more unreservedly reposing on the merits of its Saviour, and the mercies of its God."

THE END.